

THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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AUGUST, 1863.

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# THE ECLECTIC.

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## I.

### LEGGE, OF LEICESTER.\*

ALTHOUGH Dr. Legge filled the chair, one year, of the President of the Congregational Union, in the denomination which he adorned, he was a man comparatively little known; the qualities of his mind were of a most sterling character, but though imagination and scholarship held an almost equal hold upon him, still they were not so fused in his nature as to fit him for popular service, however useful and eminent among the people of his charge, and those who knew him best and were most fitted to appreciate him. Nature had never intended him for an orator, but he became, in an eminent degree, what is far higher and better, and what but a very small percentage of orators have ever been—a teacher. In his life little occurred to set it apart and make it noteworthy among lives. His days passed in the ordinary routine of pastoral ministration—he was equal to all the occasions which met him, and the advent from time to time in his pulpit of some great master of rhetoric, imagination, or speech, only gave his admiring people an opportunity for congratulating themselves on the possession of their incomparable Doctor; he was a strong and luminous rather than a showy man, while pleasant and radiant gleams of humour and flashes of imagination sufficiently asserted his right to the place, not merely of the profound instructor, but of the cheerful friend and the vivid speaker. Vivid, never certainly by the mere delivery of speech, but by the matter, which always had wing as well as gravity. Truly glad, therefore, are we that upon the shelves of

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\* *Lecture on Theology, Science, and Revelation.* By the late Rev. George Legge, LL.D., Leicester. With a Memoir by James Legge, D.D. Edited by James Legge, D.D., and John Legge, M.A. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

his admiring, and still grieving people, may be placed the little memorial volume before us. We have no doubt that it gives a very true idea of the man. Dr. Legge belonged to the ancient race and order of Independent preachers, before the age of sensation novels and "Pulpits" set in; that age when the Non-conformist pulpit was the most respectable fountain of instruction in the country; when ministers were not inoculated and fevered either with anxiety about conversions on the one hand, or a mere flippant *ad captandum* speech on the other; when building up a mind and a soul went for something in their thought. When speech was weighted more frequently than winged, and when, we conscientiously believe, both speaking in the pulpit and *hearing* in the pew, was a far more sacred and sacramental thing, than it is now. We look at the weight and the worth of thought and sentiment and knowledge, in the volume before us, with feelings akin to veneration; but we believe there are few pulpits which would stand the test of such deliverances; and there are hints which show to us that George Legge made his own audience in Leicester,—and not without difficulty; perhaps not without some measure of torment even to the close, for everywhere will be found those who regard a shallow form of set conventional phrases as a truer preaching of the Gospel than the preaching which strikes the shaft of thought, and digs down the deep artesian well. We shall be glad to think, that while we have popular preachers in abundance, a few Legges also are being born for the work of the ministry; a more desirable birth for the wellbeing of our pulpit, we could not know; it would put an end to one of the most disastrous signs of the present day—the sign of a corrupt church—a shallow and an ignorant one—the popular preacher mania. George Legge was a Scotchman; he was born in Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in October 1802, the eldest of a family of seven children, his biographer was the youngest, born thirteen years after. The father seems to have been an extensive merchant in the neighbourhood—father and mother both live in the tender affections of their children. The mother died shortly after the birth of her youngest child; she seems to have been a woman of rare personal attractions, and great loveliness in mind and piety. The parents were of the Congregational Church in Huntly, and the society to which George Legge was early accustomed, was primitive and unsophisticated; of course, being born of Scotch parents, even in those days education soon became a chief concern, and after receiving the first rudiments in the school of his native town, he commenced his student's life at King's College, and to

Aberdeen in 1819. The university had no very considerable reputation for scholarly attainments, but the man makes himself, and the young student devoted himself assiduously to mathematics, classics, and chemistry; and seems to have read extensively and carefully, making abstracts of the most important books. Very useful indeed must have been to a young man the attempt to search deeply, Edwards on the Will, and Leibnitz's Theodicy. For some time he became a school-master in his native town—took his degree of M.A. in 1825. He scarcely felt himself called to the work of the ministry, and he revolted from the pursuits of business. Some of his friends told him he had the material of a great poet in him, and one, the Rev. James Spence, of Aberdeen, writes to him, "publish anonymously, you will be sure to immortalize your name;" but he had too much sound good sense to be seduced by this nonsense. His father was desirous he should settle not far from his native town; he attempted the trade of a Bookseller, but soon threw this up in disgust, and determined to proceed to England, endeavouring to obtain there more congenial employment. About this period the biographer was a child at home, and he has sketched, in a manner very simple and beautiful, the Christian household of his father. The following picture of an old Scotch Sabbath, places a strong charm upon us. It is almost the exact transcript of our own first recollections of Sabbath life. We not only doubt much whether the world or the church has adopted anything better, but rather fancy our whole social life is a great deal worse.

The sabbath was kept strictly, however. It does seem to me there was an error on the side of strictness; that the voice of Moses was allowed in our household too often to overpower the voice of Christ; and yet religion was never on this account invested to us with a repulsive garb. The early morning was given to conning the lessons for the sabbath school. After breakfast the garden was resorted to till it was time to go to chapel. We might pick the flowers, but to take any of the fruit, which hung temptingly about, was on that day a grievous offence. It was about one o'clock when we returned from the morning service to a light dinner, and at two we had to go to chapel again. At four o'clock the sabbath school commenced,—not a sabbath school like those of England, containing mostly the children of the poor, but one where all the young branches of the families connected with the chapel, rich and poor, met together, and were exercised—the more advanced among them—principally in proving doctrines which had been given out the week before, by adducing passages of Scripture, while the teachers commented and exhorted, unfolding the lessons of Calvinism, and often making a deep impression on the mind and heart. In 1823 or 1824 George and John had themselves opened a sabbath



school, which continued many years under the superintendence of the latter, and was a great benefit to the place. It was so far different from the others I have had in view in the above sentence, being attended not only by the young people of chapel-going families, but by many who belonged to the established church as well. Returning from the school, we had just time to take tea, and then hurried off to the evening service. Nor at the close of it were the labours of the day over. After supper we assembled to family worship, of which, I may observe, singing—the service of song—always formed a part. On the sabbath evening everyone was expected to know the texts of the day, and to be able to give some account of the sermons. Then came the repetition of the shorter catechism, which was gone over several times in the course of the year, and our father would go off at the close into some discourse of his own, which, to tell the truth, had generally the effect of sending several of us to sleep, unless it happened to be enlivened by a discussion between George and him on some knotty theological point. The rising from prayer was followed by the speedy retiring of all to sleep. The Lord's day spent in the manner I have described may have to some a repulsive aspect, and yet, with all its engagements, it was to us a day of rest. Nor, I repeat it, was any dislike of religion a consequence of the strictness of its rule. The simple sincerity of our father, and of the whole religious circle in which we moved, so engaged the conscience on their side that there was no rebound to any preference of a different course. When, indeed, we were taught to look on some as profaning the day, who went out into the fields and woods, or strolled to the banks of the Bogie, or the Deveron, it did sometimes occur to me that it was all very well for us, who had our garden to move about in, to forego such exercise, and that possibly we were straining at a gnat: if we did so, however, we had not to swallow any camel. On the whole the religious training of our father's household was very good. If the rein was drawn too tight on the sabbath, the error was better than a relaxation of it would have been.

Arrived in London, he soon obtained a situation as classical tutor at Hammersmith. In 1826 he obtained a more eligible appointment as head master of Silcoates House School. Still continuing his reading and studies, his mind began to move in the direction of the ministry, and in 1830 he was admitted as a student at Highbury College, then beneath the professorial teaching of Drs. Henderson and Halley; of course he soon engaged regularly in preaching, entering as a student of the third year, and when the period came for his leaving the college, two churches offered: Bridge Street in Bristol, and Gallowtree Gate, Leicester. He made his choice for Bristol, where he succeeded Dr. Leifchild, then recently removed to Craven Chapel; it was not a wise choice; at the period when Leicester offered in 1832, the congregation of Gallowtree Gate

was large, and composed of many families of great intelligence; when he responded to the renewed call in 1836, the congregation had greatly dwindled,—a suspicion of heresy attached to the church,—its minister had just left the Independents and united himself with the Socinians. Dr. Legge always regretted his refusal of the first call, and was in the habit of quoting the well-known lines of Shakespeare.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”

No doubt in refusing the invitation in 1832 he missed the tide, and his work for a long time was uphill and attended with many dissatisfactions; he went on, however, in his own way; made his own congregation, and after twenty-five years' pastorate, left behind him a large church: a large congregation, and a temple which, while beautiful as compared with that in which he first ministered, is ripening and waiting to burst out into greater prominence and usefulness in the important town to which it belongs. In 1838, he advanced two degrees in life, he married, and his marriage, extending over a period of seventeen years, seems to have been a source of great happiness to him; he also received the degree of LL.D. from his own University, unsolicited and unexpected. In 1846, he made himself rather obnoxious to some religious folk, by declining connection with the Evangelical Alliance; he looked upon the scheme with suspicion, as likely to repress thought, and to divide, rather than to unite; while the idea seemed to him strange that a number of men should gather together from all parts of the world without any practical object. In 1855 his life was broken and impaired again by the death of his wife—she died while he was preaching. There is much pathos in his letter to his brother, in which he describes their last moments together—how, on the Saturday evening, they sat up together to prayer—how she said she should like to go once more to the dear chapel—how the husband was pleased to find her the next morning in what seemed a deep and sound sleep—how, with what he calls “a desperate misgiving, he left for chapel, after kissing her lips, which made no response,”—the sleep was the sleep of death, and as the Doctor closed his sermon, a note was handed to him in the pulpit apprising him of the change. Well might he say, “I was stunned by the blow.” We have already said, that the excellent Doctor's life had little relieving light in it. In 1859, he became chairman of the Congregational

Union, but there was little to vary the monotony of his course. Although not old, he was not strong, and he had determined on relinquishing the ministry when he should reach his sixtieth year; he was not to reach his sixtieth year—barely to complete his fifty-eighth. In January, the thirteenth day of the month, he completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, and preached morning and evening, although he had to be helped up the pulpit stairs. In the afternoon he would conduct a service in the public hall, for which he had engaged; and after leaving the pulpit in the evening, he had literally to be carried from the chapel to the bed; the following day he could not leave his room, but on the Tuesday he had promised to lecture at Wigston on John Knox, and he would, against all remonstrance and advice, do what he had undertaken; he went and delivered the lecture, although unable to stand, and even unable to put his hat on his head when he had concluded; yet the lecture exhibited none of the weakness under which he himself was labouring: he was with difficulty got home to his own house, and assisted to his bed, from which he never rose again. But although he suffered, his death-bed is not one which gives us pain to contemplate; even in the excitement of the brain, he talked like himself, collectedly, coherently, and remarkably; but it was only for a day or two; his spirit returned to God who gave it—his people grieved intensely, and still grieve over the loss of their noble pastor; and the very handsome pile column, so appropriately reared, of Aberdeen granite, in the Leicester cemetery, will carry the name of George Legge, on the affections of his friendly people, to future generations. We have been rather amused at some reviewers, who have supposed the lectures in the present volume to be the same as published by Dr. Legge in 1850,\*—the lectures are quite different. As a teacher, he was fond of introducing into his pulpit ministration, the method of the lecture; and the topics upon which he treated through a succession of years were many. He kept his mind abreast of the intelligence of the age. He knew not only the schools which had ministered to, and furnished his early mental development—he made himself acquainted with, and kept his eye upon the tendencies of the modern schools of France and Germany, and he did not hesitate to seek to make his congregations acquainted with them too. In both of these volumes to which we have referred, we see how faithfully he attempted to reveal to them the secrets of their own hearts. One of his hearers said to us some

\* *Christianity in Harmony with Man's Nature, Present and Progressive. Seven Lectures preached in Gallows-tree Gate Chapel, Leicester, by Rev. George Legge, LL.D.* Snow, 1850.



weeks since, "his whole teaching was like the volume he wrote, "he was constantly showing Christianity to be in harmony with "man's nature." We have already said, we believe the name of Dr. Legge to be too little known, even within the circle of Congregationalism. He was by no means an original thinker—how few there are who can claim this honour—the play of his spirit was much more in the fields of fancy than imagination; but he was a happy interpreter, he was never common-place; and although a preacher, seldom *jejune*. The thing to which Dr. Legge seems to have devoted least attention, was style; and for this negligence, we believe he paid the penalty of unpopularity in his life, and in his posthumous remains. His magnificence is frequently heavy and involved; he paid more attention to the marshalling and the ordering of his thoughts, than the presentation of them in fitting apparel—indeed, there was nothing nimble about the man; the fault is not always fatal to successful speech, but it usually is so to successful penmanship; but for this, we should suppose, the lectures to which we referred might have commanded a wide popularity. Many of the pages contain instances of a cumbrousness of expression, utterly at variance with good taste; the author seems to be a man painfully dragging his thoughts after him; they are usually great thoughts, and he shows us his mastery over them, but not adroitly, comprehensively, and completely, but not charmingly. Sometimes in the midst of a beautiful passage, a word either shocks or creates a ludicrous sensation, as in the following passage, in which, with great clearness he sets before his hearers the modern distinction between the reason and the understanding—the nature of the intuitional consciousness—but astounds all sense of propriety, by the introduction of the deforming Yankeeism we have italicised.

I do not know whether it is worth while to advert here to a distinction, which the modern Germans have made much of, between the reason and the understanding; terms, which have recently been done into English, a strange kind of English, as the "intuitional consciousness" and the "logical consciousness." The distinction is of some consequence. The German "reason," the "intuitional consciousness" is, *I guess*, the same thing as the "apprehension" of our Shakespere, and the "common sense" of the Scotch school of philosophy. The German "understanding," the "logical consciousness," is just the mind seeking after truth, or evolving truth, by a process of induction or ratiocination. But now, what does this amount to? Simply to this: first, that there are certain ideas or propositions, which at once challenge our belief as carrying with them a sort of self-evidence,—and we say they are true, or, they must be true. And again, that there are certain



other ideas or propositions, which wait for our belief until we have examined the evidence by which they are sustained,—which evidence may be either probable or demonstrative,—and we say they are probably true or they are absolutely true. I do not see anything that is gained by referring these several beliefs to different faculties of the mind.

His words were not happily chosen, and the splendour of his diction, we fear, shows a mind rather impressed by the age of Byron, than that of Wordsworth. The following passage on the progress and triumphs of Christianity, is thus broken, especially by the strange word to which we have called attention.

Yes, it will go on to triumph over the principles of impiety; until the idol-absurdity, and the infidel negation, and the monster systems that have disgraced the Christian name, are no more. It will go on to triumph over the principles of depravity; until ignorance finds no longer any place under heaven, and vice hides its diminished head. It will go on to triumph over the principles of *dissocialness*; until the engrossing and aggressing spirit has died in man,—until the lash of oppression and the grinding of avarice and the brand of war shall be of things gone by,—until the very memorials of rapacious greed and giant tyranny—the statues, the obelisks, the pyramids, the places, the mausoleums, the cartoons, the triumphal arches, the dithyrambic rhymes, the gorgeous epics—all that the chisel, the pencil, the muse, the voice, with a nation's wealth, have done for their apotheosis,—shall have vanished, or only remain, to excite the wonder and amaze of a happier age.

Sometimes his imagination rioted—a thing by the by, which imagination proper never does nor can do—and he indulged in allegory, and vision, and rhapsody; leading on his hearers again on other occasions through a pomp of glowing expression, in which allusions from books and histories, mythologies and poetries must, we should think, have somewhat strangely dazzled the brains of a humble Nonconformist congregation. Perhaps one of the best illustrations we can present of this mingled vice and wildness, beauty and brilliancy of style, is the following, in which, showing the harmony of Christianity with man as an imaginal being, he treats the imagination as a harp, and touches its eight strings for the purpose of calling up visions of the heaven which shall be.

“It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know, that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is,” and be with Him. And out of this simple idea, how much might not a fervid and fertile imagination make! But around this central idea

the Scriptures have thrown many others; so that the imagination must be dull indeed, that is not at once enkindled and entranced. We know nothing, for certain, as to the locality of heaven—and “the mind is its own place, and can make a heaven of earth, or a hell of heaven.” But as we do know for certain, that we shall have a spiritual body, a local habitation there must be;—and I have my own notions about that. I am, however, here concerned only with its presentments, and how variously do they rise, as my imagination bids them rise. I would compare this to a harp of many strings.

I touch one string,—and lo! a Paradise of beauty and sublimity! such as Eden showed not, nor poet ever dreamt. I am overcome by a bewildering feeling of enchantment, as I stand on some eminence that commands its range;—I wander amid its groves, and bowers, and fountains, its delectable glades, its delicious retirements, regaled by a profusion of odours, colours, melodies;—I sit me down, by the side of the river of the water of life, beneath the shadow of the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits,—and I muse and meditate until every sense is rapt in beatitude.

I touch another string of my imagination.—and lo! a city of grace and resplendence! I am struck with amaze as I look from afar, on its gorgeous sheen and thronging palaces; I am dazzled with wonder, as I roam its streets, here and there meeting structures more colossal than the Egyptian, more graceful than the Athenian, more fantastic than the Oriental. And they glisten, as does not pure alabaster, and they glow with precious stones, and the very streets are paved with gold. And the nations of the saved walk in the midst of it. I am come to the city of God. I, I! am a denizen of the heavenly Jerusalem!

I touch another string,—and lo! my own mansion, my own home! —with what garniture, what embellishments, what gardens, what grounds, what an aspect;—I might have been a prince to be so provided for! And who are these assembled to greet me there?—my venerated father, my sainted mother, the beloved friends of my youth and riper years:—and there, by and by, shall come my brothers and my sisters,—and many besides, the loved and the loving. And what tales have we to tell of our earthly sojourn! what wonders to relate of the Angel who redeemed us from all evil, and has brought us home!—Ours is a joy the angels envy.

I touch a fourth string of imagination,—and lo! a high day in heaven, a triumphal procession, a templar celebration! I find myself with the waving palm among the jubilating crowd;—I press forward to the temple with my golden harp;—I see the accessless light, from the midst of which mine own Saviour reveals himself;—I see the mighty angels, and the representatives of thousand worlds, as in a boundless amphitheatre, high aloft and around. I prepare to strike my harp and mingle my voice with “the numbers without number, that circle the throne rejoicing,” and saying, “Blessing, and honour, and praise, to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb!”

I touch a fifth string,—and lo! the banqueting-hall of heaven:

“The King Himself comes near  
To feast His saints to-day,”

with celestial viands and wines, with nectar and ambrosia. As of yore, so now, the cherubim and seraphim are “ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation.” There, as guests, are Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—and the prophets and sages and heroes and martyrs of ancient times,—and the apostles and confessors and reformers and philanthropists of a later age,—all the good and great, whose voices were echoes of the Spirit of God, whose deeds urged on the course of human progression; all of them now beaming with intelligence and breathing love,—and I am a guest with them. “’Tis the marriage supper,” of the King.

I touch a sixth string of imagination,—and lo! the Porch, the Academe, the Garden of heaven, devoted to art, to science, to philosophy; I hear “the high groves to Milton’s trump unbosom their glad echoes.” I behold “Newton’s serener eye, inwardly hushed,” as he expounds the laws that govern the material universe. I find myself with the artists, whose aim is to surpass nature itself;—with the metaphysicians, who explain the arcana of the soul;—with the orators, who stream forth in their eloquence, all the known and the knowable. I learn, I shall be for ever learning, more of the wisdom and knowledge of God, more and more of the capacities of grace and power in His creatures.

I touch the seventh string,—and lo! a kingdom!—a realm of boundless range and teeming populations. And I am a king, the ruler over ten cities; to the least of which Jerusalem, Athens, Rome,—London, Paris, Pekin, were only a hamlet!

I touch another string,—and lo! I am on a voyage or a flight of discovery, with angels my companions, (shall I say?) to the morning star!

“See how I press upon the seraph’s wing!  
Which is the seraph—which the born of clay?”

But I must pause. I have said enough to satisfy you, that Christianity commends itself to our imagination, in the helps it furnishes to the idea of the future life. Of course, you know that it is imagination, and not positive reality, I have ventured to set forth. We know not what, nor how we shall be: “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can it enter into the mind of man to conceive, what God hath laid up for them that love Him.” It will surpass all our imaginations.

We have referred to and quoted from this forgotten volume, in the hope that it may find its way to the hands of pious readers, thoughtful, and young. The lectures in the volume more immediately under review, present the same order of mind—the same order of thought—they deal with the same problems of human existence. Ably, admirably, and gorgeously, Dr. Legge wrote and spoke with so much individuality, that it would not be possible to agree with him through upwards of four



hundred pages; there is the same competent and fully furnished acquaintance with the thoughts and things which agitate men in our day, and which are too seldom alluded to in the pulpit. How admirable is the following description and denunciation of the necessitarian theory.

I cannot take the doctrine of necessity in any shape, or under any modification. For, given man as I set him forth in my last lecture, with all his susceptibilities of sensation and emotion—with all his appetites, desires, and passions—with all his powers of memory, imagination, and reason—with all his acquisitions, achievements, and prospects: if this doctrine be true, what is he but an “*automaton*, that is, what it cannot help being—a phantom, dreaming what it cannot but dream—an engine, performing what it must perform—an incarnate imagination—an embodied reason—a weathercock, shifting helplessly in the winds of sensibility—an association machine, through which ideas and impressions pass, connecting together by laws over which the machine itself has no power—the spoke of an iron wheel—the link of an adamant chain—a helmless, compassless, chartless, captainless vessel, drifting nobody knows where?” Now I take leave to say, that is not a description of me: that is not man. I therefore throw overboard the doctrine of necessity as no true account of humanity.

The reader will find, as in the preceding volume of lectures, excursions of the imagination, and some two or three are before us, into which Christmas Evans would have put a flash of quicksilver, and have electrified twenty thousand people. The picture of the rising, growing universe, visited by the two seraphs from the bright star Lyra through the five cycles of the ages, is an illustration of the happy fancy in which Dr. Legge often indulged. Christ as the head of the atonement, the fleet setting sail in illustration of the theory of the Gospel is another. The masters of correct criticism would take exception to these things. A great Welsh preacher would have wielded them as a sceptre over a vast audience. We refer to them as illustrations of the versatility of the author's powers. It must have been a rich enjoyment to have heard the lecture on astronomy; the brilliancy of which, in many of its passages, equals the magnificence of the well-known lectures of Dr. Nicoll. Thus Dr. Legge preached, quite away, in his conception of what the pulpit should be, from that of most modern men; he poured into it the full ideas of an affluent and richly furnished mind; the Gospel element predominates over all. No teaching, or science, nor thought, nor book was referred to but for the purpose of reflecting the light of the atonement, and the incomparable beauty and glory, and necessity of Christianity. Sometimes he seems to have reached in speech more than imagination—

more than thought, and to have poured both together into a chalice of rich and copious eloquence, held up before the people. Such as in the following passage, an oft-presented theme, but never wearying.

THE LIVELY HOPE.

The place that knows us now will soon know us no more for ever. Our hearts, which now beat so warmly, will in a little while grow cold. Our friends, who now look so kindly, will shortly disappear. Our homes, which to some of us are now so sweet, will ere long be desolate. Link after link that binds us to earth will break. We shall go home. Whither shall we go? Blessed be our God and Father, we are begotten to a lively hope. We look for new heavens and a new earth. He hath prepared for us a city. He hath embellished for us a paradise. He is adorning for us a palaced mansion, an amaranthine bower. There already are some of our dearest kindred. There are many whom we have loved and admired. There is the general assembly of the just made perfect, and the innumerable company of angels. And shall not our bosoms burn, and our hopes aspire? Shine forth, O thou city of our God! Attract our eyes! Captivate our hearts! Let us see thy jewelled pinnacles! Let us glimpse thy paradisaical graces! Let us hear thy floating melodies! Good God, what do I see and hear? My mother, my sainted mother! my brothers and sisters, my cherub brothers and sisters! You, O ye fair and noble spirits—who entranced my young desire and enkindled my mature ambition! And thee, O my Saviour, with thy countenance of love, thy diadem of majesty! I see your waving arms. I hear your beckoning voice. There they are gathered together safe from every storm; triumphant over every evil; and they say to us, Come and join us in our everlasting blessedness. Come and bear part in our song of praise. Come and share our adoration, friendship, progress, and works of love. They say to us, Cherish now in your earthly life that spirit and virtue of Christ, which is the beginning and dawn of heaven, and we shall soon welcome you with more than human friendship to life and immortality. And shall that voice speak to us in vain? I would say, No. And God grant that we all may be enabled to say, No!

We have done no sort of justice to this excellent, although comparatively unknown, man; but are glad to point our readers' attention to the chaplet which his biographer has placed upon his tomb.

## II.

### EMILE SOUVESTRE.\*

NOT very long ago, the "*Saturday Review*" had some very suggestive remarks on the value, to England, of French literature, especially pointing out how it shows us the other side on almost all great questions.

It is very valuable to know how men, trained under a different system, surrounded by a different political and religious (not to say social) atmosphere, face these grave problems, which come before the thinkers of every nation. Nothing can tend more surely to hinder that stagnation of thought, that movement only in certain grooves, which is the great danger of our present civilization, now that luxury is fast "growing downward" in society, and instruction, up to a certain point (based on very imperfect education) is becoming all but universal. We think we are very clever people because we have got beyond the errors of early days, and can smile at great men like King Alfred, as we read of them groping after results which every boarding-school miss can now state glibly enough. We forget that a mere knowledge of results is very little after all; that one real thought, worked out as the men in old times worked out their thoughts, is worth more in its effect on the mind, than a whole "Maunder's Treasury" of cram facts. And, as incentives of *thought*, works in a foreign language are undoubtedly very useful. The fact of their being in a foreign language is something; it almost enforces reflection, we must pause to think from time to time. But much more valuable is the fact above noticed, that foreign writers do not in general look at things exactly from our point of view. This is why *Gervinus* and the other German writers on Shakespeare, are so invaluable to the Englishman. It is very well to say that "they see more in him than he himself ever thought of;" but the truth is, we could not have seen what they open out to us, because we never should have thought of looking for it; our eyes have always been turned in some other direction; we have grown intellectually stiff-necked, and must have a good sharp wrench to enable us to look out of our usual line. It is just this wrench which foreign criticism supplies.

Another great use of continental, above all of French literature, is to help us to correct that insular notion of our own excellence,

\* *Emile Souvestre*. "*Les Derniers Bretons*," "*Dans la Prairie*," "*Le Foyer Breton*," "*Les Derniers Paysans*," &c. Paris: Michel-Lévy, 1856.



which has grown to form part of every Englishman's nature. To the man who will calmly think it over and profit by what is valuable in it, a really high-class French work on—say the Syrian question, or India, or trial by jury, is as useful as that most righteous decision of the King of the Belgians about Brazil, has been to our Government; it shows him his weak points, and so (for we have supposed him to be a wise man) sets him on correcting them.

But what, it will be asked, is the use of French *novels*? Why, the great mass of them are worse than useless; a scandal alike to the authors who write, to the publishers who put forth, and to the public who accept them. No language is too strong to be applied to far too many of them. But then, they are not all bad; and, besides, almost everybody who can read French, reads them: "they are so clever (we are told), so life-like, so full of minute analysis of character," &c. And so the best thing we can do is to sort them, to keep the good and bad distinct. It is just like cigars: almost all your friends *will* smoke, despite all your convincing arguments against so doing; all you can hope to do is to persuade them to smoke real tobacco, and not cabbage-leaf steeped in some poisonous headache-giving mixture. Or, to venture a more delicate simile, all your womankind will wear stays; paterfamilias may say what he likes, he may bring in medical evidence, he may lecture by the hour on antique torsos; but mamma and the girls will hold out notwithstanding. All he can expect to do is to insist on the use of some "*corset hygiénique élastique*" or "*corsaletto di Medici*," instead of the old steel and whalebone case-armour abomination. Even so, Miss Gertrude, fresh from a finishing school, "must keep up her French, you know;" and therefore papa, having the moral and spiritual good of his child at heart, is bound to try and keep out Paul de Kock and Dumas Fils, and to make mamma help him in selecting for the daughter what she may read with profit and without contagion.

If we are able to guide him at all in making this selection, if we make known to some, who hitherto knew him not, the chief of a small (unhappily a very small) band of French novelists, of whom any country might be proud, we shall be doing good service by this notice of Emile Souvestre.

Of course, the great thing is to ensure in all these matters perfect confidence between father and child. Whatever the big boys and girls read (and they *will* generally read what is current among their associates), let them read openly: it is ill reading on the sly. The father must be able to say, "such and such you may read, they are plenty for your purpose; as for the



"rest, they are down in my *index expurgatorius*, and my child "must not think of looking into them."

"Il y a fagots et fagots ;" and surely there are novelists and novelists : nor are the titles any guide ; we know of none who can be always trusted, except the subject of our present paper.

Emile Souvestre was a Breton, born at Morlaix in Finisterre, in 1806. Do the circumstances of his birth and education account for the entire absence in him of that which makes such really talented writers as Balzac, so distasteful to the right-minded Englishman ? He certainly maintains in general a high moral tone : he is not given to direct religious talk, but his feeling of reverence is strong. Respect for the 'good old times' (those times which, rightly or wrongly, almost every French writer of to-day goes out of his way to abuse), love of primitive customs and intense fondness for old traditions come out in every page. A love of nature too, and a deep knowledge of nature, such as is only the reward of patient and loving study of her ways, show themselves in all his writings. Paris, so perfect in the eyes of most Frenchmen, cannot satisfy him. His heroes are always longing for the time when they shall leave the dazzling capital with its clatter and dust, and wearying streets, and take their walks as of old along the high road, with its privet-hedge, or over the meadows to the old mill among the poplars. Fancy a Frenchman venturing to write thus : "They got to that large field of faggot-wood, cut through by "dusty roads, and sown broadcast with gaily painted booths, "which the Parisians pompously style the wood of Vincennes. "They could not anywhere find grass enough to sit down upon ; "so everybody spread his handkerchief where a few stumpy "hawthorns seemed to promise the nearest approach that could "be found to anything like 'woodland shade.'"

Such feelings, and such language are natural enough in the man whose youth was passed in Morlaix, the quaint old town by the sea, with its two quarters, Léon and Treguier, divided by the beautiful creek of the Keylent. That Treguier reminds us that there is a Cornwall in France as well as beyond Devon : that Léon is the *Lyonnette* "where fell about their Lord, King Arthur, all the Knights of that famed table round." The Celt, as he undoubtedly is more sombre and superstitious, so in speech at least is he more pure than the descendant of the Belgæ or Aquitani ? We often assume that the French are a homogeneous people, thoroughly Celtic ; that they *cut out* at the Revolution almost all of Frankish stock. Is the difference then between the Breton and almost any other provincial, solely due to climate and isolation ? It is a curious question. Certain it is that all

Emile Souvestre's peasants are as modest as O'Connell said, all the Irishwomen were. He is not even *French* in the ordinary sense of the word; he has none of that warmth which is *occasionally felt*, even in the precise M. About, the warmth so much of which radiates from Professor Kingsley, and George Elliott, and with which too much of our sensation writing of the "Guy Livingstone" school absolutely glows. Neither is his writing disfigured by the namby-pamby romancing and love-making, which spoils five in every six of the green and yellow volumes which load our railway bookstalls, as if a new Minerva Press were deluging us with twaddling trash. These are far from harmless; they unsettle the mind, excite the fancy, at times even disturb the affections. In one way they are worse than the worst French novel, in that the good and pure (who would at once throw the French foulness behind the fire in disgust) read these unsuspectingly, and believe they may think them over with impunity, often, alas! with serious detriment to their moral tone.

Souvestre does not err in either of these ways. He is plain, straightforward, quiet in style, having something to tell, and telling it powerfully but calmly. For effect he depends, not on any tricks of language, but on the really touching nature of his stories. This age, all agog for sensation, will hardly appreciate him as he deserves; but he will outlive generations of sensation writers, for he writes naturally and faithfully.

His exact counterpart among our writers is *William Carleton*. Knowing of old the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," we were quite startled, on reading "Les Derniers Bretons," "Les Foyer Breton," and others of Souvestre, to mark the large amount they had in common. The great difference is that Souvestre is a man of much more research and archaeological knowledge than Carleton. In this he resembles Sir Walter Scott; from whom, however, he differs, in having preferred *Tales and Sketches* to more lengthy and elaborate novels. Very few of his works extend beyond one small volume: this absence of 'padding,' and artless style of plot, gives them the appearance of being (what he, in many instances, asserts that they are) true stories gathered from the lips of peasant narrators. His intense love of nature, and his skill in painting a landscape in a few sentences, are just where he excels all other mere story writers: he is as much at home among the Breton heaths, or the salt marshes towards the mouth of the Loire, or the Druid monuments of Morbihan, or the ever-varying coast, now level and sandy, now full of wild reefs and bound by rocks among whose coves the wild water

moans, as the author of "Adam Bede" is among the hedge-rows and rich pastures of the county next to "Stonyshire."

Almost all Souvestre's works belong more or less to Brittany. He lived there as a boy, and again as a young man; for his first literary efforts were unsuccessful. Failing as an advocate at Rennes, he went to Paris, wrote his one play (how many young authors write their one play?), failed here too (for his "Siege of Missolonghi," though accepted at the Théâtre-Français, was so cut to pieces by the censor that it could not be acted), and thus became a starving author in Paris. But he did not go on long eating the "vache enragée" in the un pitying capital: he soon went back, and got to be an assistant to a Nantes bookseller, eking out his salary by writing for the local papers, and steadily collecting materials for his great work, "Les Derniers Bretons." This work, published in 1836, at once formed his reputation. The Parisians knew as little about Brittany as a Cheapside cockney does of Connaught; and the wonderful freshness, the truthfulness, and research apparent in Souvestre's work made it a decided success.

He went to Paris again (what Frenchman of any account can live out of it?), and went on writing sketches, articles in the *Siècle*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and novellettes, till his death, in 1854. Our object is, as stated above, to introduce to those who are on the look-out for good, wholesome, French literature, a man whose style is peculiarly charming, whose writings are full of interest, and whose moral tone is high: we shall best fulfil this, by running briefly through two or three of his works, and then giving some one story more in détail, leaving him thus, as it were, to plead his own cause. His "Derniers Bretons" opens with a laughable sneer at the Parisians, "who go to no Brittany in a fortnight's vacation as one might do the neighbourhood of Brighton or Dieppe. They have heard that the Bretons are a headstrong set, who still make the sign of the cross, and bend the knee to God. That's something worth seeing in this 19th century; so they pack their portmanteaus and go off to study the *manners of the middle ages*. But instead of bravoes in leathern jerkin and serge doublet, with their rapier always in their gauntleted hand, and 'mort-dieu' always on their tongue, like the heroes whom the *Porte Saint-Martin Théâtre* exhibits, in its 'Lessons in History, in eight tableaux,' they find nothing but a long-haired, silent people, with large baggy breeches, who could not talk French, not even the French of Froissart." Souvestre even speaks of a petition sent into the French Chambers, praying them "to take under their consideration the barbarous state of Brittany, and to adopt



"measures for supplanting the unintelligible *patois* of that unhappy country, by the language of Voltaire and Rousseau." There is a good deal in the same style, the revenge of the haughty, thin-skinned provincial, on those who had doubtless so often cruelly and recklessly wounded his susceptibilities, when he came up, as he describes himself, "full of enthusiasm and golden dreams, thinking a literary life the noblest possible; but at the same time quite *"gauche"* and utterly unknown, a mere raw lad, who had never seen anybody greater than his headmaster in his chair. He had none of the suppleness which, he says, is necessary for literary success in Paris; none of "the iron character padded with cotton which is proof against rebuffs, attacks, disappointments:" and so he went home, and first by way of getting rid of unpleasant recollections, and then for its own sake, he gave himself up to the study of Brittany and the Bretons. "Many a man lives there," says he, "travels on the roads, sleeps in the inns, buys linen and corn of the peasants, and yet knows no more of the real life of the country than some coarse husband knows of the inner nature of the more finely-organized wife, whom chance has yoked to him, body to body, but not soul to soul."

How indignant he is at the wanton and wholesale destruction of old monuments: "it is almost as rare (says he, speaking of the ruined roadside chapels and highway crosses), to see a civilized man pass them without flinging a stone, as for a wild bas-Breton to go by without lifting his hat." We must remember this was written before the reign of peace and order was inaugurated by the *coup d'état*; but still, despite the multitudes of so called "restorations" in many parts, there is a great deal of destruction still going on. Old Paris is clean gone; and Rouen will soon disappear, if many streets like the Rue de l'Impératrice are to be driven right over churches and all, clean sweeping away the little market with its quaint hostel, where we stayed not four years ago. The fact is, your town-bred Frenchman rarely cares for antiquities. He knows nothing of his history prior to '93: all before that, was "in the time of the old noblesse."

How thoroughly different is the Breton; but then he is a religious being, which the Frenchman of large towns certainly is not. Curious is the account which Souvestre gives of the way in which the people of Finisterre behaved, when the cholera ravaged the district. In Paris there was a great deal of outcry amongst some of the lower orders against the Government; the provisions and the water were said to be poisoned. A Breton would never have thought of such an explanation. "It is the

finger of God," "God has given us over to the evil one;" such were the utterances of the people around Brest, who also got up tales of women in red, who had been seen blowing the plague over the vales. "One beggar-woman deposed before the magistrates, that she had seen such persons, nay more, that they had spoken to her, and told her that 'God was about to blow an evil blast over the land.' And so the sole preparations made were, to open the churches for strange services at unusual hours, to dig plenty of graves in readiness, and to wait, reckless of human help, till the terrible visitant should come." The great difficulty was to persuade the people to allow the dead to be buried in the churchyards at a distance from the villages: "No (said they, when told of the danger of an accumulation of corpses in the village burying-ground). No: the dead do not slay the living: death comes not *save* by the will of God. Our fathers all lie here; here they can hear the psalm and service; we can watch the tombs from our windows, and send our little ones out in the evening to pray upon the graves." The priests did their best in the cause of enlightenment. Souvestre tells how he heard one preaching most earnestly, and proving out of Scripture that the dead had no longer the same feelings as the living, and that they were not made sorry by being severed from their ancestors.

Many Breton customs are thoroughly Irish: the respect for beggars, almost amounting to dread—owing undoubtedly in a measure to the fear of the evil eye or the mendicant's curse. The travelling beggar is an institution in the Breton "*Lyonnesse*." He comes in with the very same words which would ensure his welcome in Kerry or Connemara, "God save all here." He brings the latest songs and the latest news; how the crops are going on in different parts, how linen sells at the large fairs, what holy wells are most in repute for curing eyes or keeping off rheumatism. The Breton tailor answers exactly to the Irish *matchmaker* (who was generally tailor or dancing-master, often both). He is generally deformed; and the men, despising his sedentary life, never speak of him without adding "*saving your presence*," as if he were some unclean beast; but then, to make up, he is the prime favourite of the women, wandering about from farm to farm, wherever there is a chance of work, and bringing news of all the young men who want wives, and of all the girls who are ready for husbands. Though the men despise him, and set him to eat apart at the women's table (for in Brittany, as in the Sandwich Isles, the lords of creation feed first), they are obliged to make use of him; and so, when a young farmer has cast eyes on a maiden, he gives the

tailor a "commission." "The little hunchback waits about till he can meet the girl alone: of course he pretends the meeting is quite by chance; he begins talking of the drought, of the next *Pardon* (Irish, *Pattern*: English, *fair*) at Scaër, and how couples are likely to fall in love there. Then he shifts round to the suitor: he brags of his skill in driving his ox team, of his strength and courage at the last wrestling match between the two parishes, of the number of heads his *pen-bas* (head-stick, shillelagh) has broken; throwing out hints of the pot of money he has put away somewhere, and the store of good linen shirts laid up in his oak chest; not neglecting to add how handsome he looks on Sundays in his best clothes, and how well he can sing all the ditties of hill and dale. The girl listens, twisting up the ends of her apron, or peeling an elder wand. At last, when the tailor has put his finishing touch, she generally scampers off blushing, but not till she has found time to whisper 'you had better speak to father and mother about it.' This means 'Yes' on her part. So off goes the tailor to the parents; and, if the young man is accepted, he hastens to put a red stocking on one of his own legs, a violet one on the other, and armed with a wand of yellow broom, goes (like a herald of old) to escort the suitor and his "best friend" on their first visit." Then follows an account of the visit of the bride's father to his son-in-law. Everything is arranged to give him a great idea of the wealth and importance of the family, bins full of corn purposely left half open, barton heaped with litter, rack and manger loaded. Alas! (we are told) too much of this is only borrowed wealth, borrowed in order that the young man may, on the strength of it, insist on a larger dowry. The tailor's work is not yet over: he goes round armed with a large white wand, to invite the guests. As many as three hundred come together sometimes, each bringing a present, some linen, or money, or furniture, or farm produce. One can scarcely help fancying it is a Frenchman's account of the *Biddings* in South Wales, of which the notices may be seen in almost any Neath or Swansea paper. And then, on the threshold of the bride's house, begins a curious scene: the tailor, as bridegroom's bard, and another rhymers (the Brotaër) in the interest of the bride's party, keep up an allegorical dialogue in verse. The tailor claims for his white pigeon the little white dove who has flown off: the Brotaër brings him out a little girl, but she, "sweet little rose as she is," won't suit the pigeon, for he is a pigeon and not a dew-drop: he then brings out the mistress of the house, describing her as an ear of corn left after harvest; she will not do neither. The grandmother is brought out next,



"a withered apple, long left hanging on the tree, put it in your pocket and give it your pigeon to eat, then he won't cry any more." "Thank you, no (says the tailor): a good apple doesn't lose its scent though it may get wrinkled; but it's my dove that I want, and that I must have." At last the bride is brought out, and they all go first to the "mairie" (for we are in France still), and then to church. After the feast, dancing is kept up to a late hour, and at last the pair are solemnly conducted to their chamber, while the friends at the room-door sing the *Veni Creator* in chorus.

The football matches (*la Soule*) once so universal in England on Shrove Tuesday, and still played, with shops closed and shutters up, in Derby and Atherstone, and other Midland towns, are common in the district round Vannes. It is a very rough game, "giving (says our author), "plenary indulgence for homicide." Played between rival parishes, or still oftener, between town and country, and allowing kicking, holding, shinning of all kinds, the game seems frequently to cause a great deal of bad blood, and at the same time to afford an opportunity for safe revenge. Souvestre gives a terrible story of the fate of a town champion in 1810. He had won the *soule* from Yvon Marker, the 'country' champion, and Yvon was so mauled in the scuffle, that he never recovered it. His son, Peter Marker, vowed vengeance: but failed in several matches, losing on one occasion an eye, on another a couple of teeth. At last, he and the townsman meet at a great match: Peter keeps out of the *mêlée*, despite the jeers of the other, who bids him come on and have his other eye knocked out. Once when the townsman is down he feels the iron-shod sabots of Peter at his ribs, but his friends get him up again, and at last he gets the ball and hurries off with it to the parish boundary. This is the French "game:" if he gets across the brook he is safe and victorious. But Peter is waiting for him, pulls him back as he is springing over, just says: "you're in my parish now; it's fair we should square accounts," knocks out his left eye and his two teeth, and then, maddened at the sight of his enemy's blood, falls to hammering-in the poor fellow's skull with his heavy clog. The townsman is left for dead; he gets trepanned, but is an idiot ever after. Peter's sole defence before the magistrate is "He was in my parish when we met; and everything is fair at football." He gets off, but the '*Soules*' are forbidden in that district. We need not point out the features in common between this ball-play (Irish, hurling match), and the old Irish faction-fights, when O'Kellys and O'Sullivan's would meet by the Kenmare river, and fight till none on either



side could keep their legs. The Breton peasant seems to want the *lively* side of Irish nature; he shows all its darker features. If he never shoots his landlord, it is because the modern French law leaves very few landlords to shoot, and also because he has, what it has for centuries been the curse of Ireland to want, a native aristocracy, in great measure of the same race, and altogether of the same religion as himself. But we must hasten on, or we shall exhaust our space with this one work. We can only *indicate* the character of the Breton priest, mostly as ignorant as his flock, yet full of faith and earnestness, a great preacher withal, whose sermons, like those at our revival-meetings, draw tears from the eyes and sobs from the bosoms of hard labouring men, and make women sink on the ground crying "mercy! mercy!" Many are often carried away fainting, and some lose their reason, after listening to descriptions full of horrible details of the torments of the damned. It would seem then that the errors of Popery do not hinder people from feeling the same religious transports which often mark our camp-meetings. It would appear, too, that the priest in Brittany fills the same place which he does in Ireland; he is one of the people, yet above them in virtue of his office; and as man, and, above all, Celtic man, must always have some one to look up to, the priest naturally has far greater power than in districts where there is a larger middle class. The Breton is, like his congeners in our islands, very superstitious: he has the old Druid customs (as the fires on St. John's day, and the mistletoe at Christmas), and all the fairy love of heathen times, with a strong, flourishing graft of medical superstition on the old root. Some of these fancies are very wild and terrible, some (like the feast spread at Hallowe'en, for the departed kindred to come and partake of) show much tenderness and depth of feeling. But, mingling with most of them, there is that strange view of *familiarity with the Divine*, which would seem inseparable from most polytheisms (and the Breton Christianity is little better); we find it in old Greece and Italy, in mediæval times, in modern Ireland,—this revenge (if we may so style it) which man takes on the supernatural, which, in his belief, is always crossing his path or binding him in its harsh fetters. Take the following illustration: "Sezny was one of the earliest preachers of the faith, " who came over from Ireland into Brittany. A rich farmer near " where he landed refused him shelter, so he built himself a cell, " an easy task, for the stones came into their places of themselves, " just like sheep into the fold. When he had finished he threw " his hammer into one of the rich man's fields, and next morning " walked over to the farmhouse. 'I've got nothing for you,'

“said the farmer; ‘I don’t want anything,’ said Sezny, ‘except my hammer: so I’ll trouble you just to step out and reap that field of yours that I may pick it out.’ It was winter, and hardly time for the corn to tiller; however, at last, the farmer goes and looks; and, when he sees waving wheat quite ripe, where the day before all was black and bare, he falls at the saint’s feet, and begging forgiveness, becomes his first convert. Sezny goes on preaching and working wonders. One day in the loneliness of his cell, he hears God saying to him, ‘Sezny, I will make thee one of the saints, thou shalt be the patron of women;’ ‘Nay, *Monsieur le bon Dieu*’ (says the holy man), if thou wilt deign to hear the prayer of a poor sinner, thou wilt not lay on me so heavy a burden. Women are the very worst thing going on the earth, when his Satanic Majesty is down below. Every day they’ll be worrying me for a new boddice or a rich sweetheart. I’d as lief be the patron of tailors or cobblers.’ ‘Well (answers the voice), since you are so nice about it, you shall go up a step: I’ll make you patron of invalid dogs.’” Such a tale, so wounding to our English sense of propriety, is just what one might hear in some cabin in Galway. The following is more touching, but just as un-English. “I went into a chapel, and saw a young woman kneeling in fervent prayer before the statue of Mary. Suddenly she got up, and taking one of the little silk caps covered with spangles and silver lace, such as Breton babies wear, she went and put it on the head of the child Jesus and walked away weeping. ‘What does she do that for?’ said I to a peasant who was near. ‘She has just lost her son (said he), and has just given his christening cap to the child Jesus, that her poor babe may have Him for a play-fellow in heaven.’” Surely here is faith according to some of our definitions, faith showing itself in deed: would that our purer faith were always as strong, always as efficient to lead us to works. And now for an instance of the terrible, by far the commonest element in the legends of this sombre people. “Genoffa was the daughter of a great lord who lived in that ruined castle on the island: but island and all belonged to the demon, for the holy sign had never been made on the land nor on the inhabitants. So the girl grew up a pagan, with no God but her own will. She used to ride a white cow with gilded horns, over hill and dale, and catch the birds on the wires in a silken net. One day, at a crossroad, she saw just behind her a stranger riding a black bull with silvered horns. She seemed forced to stop; he came up to her and began to talk so sweetly that (as our old songs say) ‘he threw the

"glamour o'er her.' Day after day they met: at last one evening the white cow went home alone. The Lord of Isle-Rozan and his men pursued, but the stranger drove his black bull into the sea, and got round to the Morgana cave. Here Genoffa is seized with trembling and anguish: 'Leave me, stranger (says she) I hear my mother weeping between the planks of her coffin.' 'It is only the wailing of the wave against the crag,' said the demon: 'Listen, my mother speaks out of the hallowed ground;' 'And what does she say, love?' 'She will not give me up, body and soul, without having tapers lighted and priests to sing. Grant her her will, my beloved, I have never slighted the dead.' The demon-lover makes a sign; priests and choristers rise out of the gloom, cover a flat rock with altar cloth, candlesticks, &c., burn incense, and begin the ceremony. When the two are made one, Genoffa screams, for the silver ring burns her finger; but it is too late. The demon leads her on and on through the cave, her heart fails her, she clings to him who is now lord of her life. 'Hark (says she), far up above us I hear wailing and gnashing of teeth.' 'Tis the noise of workmen digging out the stones from the hill-side, my love.' 'Dear husband, I feel hot tears dropping on my cheeks.' 'Tis only the drippings of the cavern, Genoffa.' 'Ah, my beloved, the air which we breathe, seems to parch me like the blast of a furnace.' 'Tis the wind from the bowels of the earth.' 'Look, my darling, look: fire, fire is all around us.' 'We are in hell, you heathen, and you are mine for all eternity.'"

Here is, at any rate, a moral with a vengeance; a lesson to papas (shall we say?) to be careful how they let naughty books or naughty people get a hold on their daughters' minds. We have not time to detail an admirable horse-jobbing affair, which might have taken place word for word at Ballinasloe or Mullingar, and in which the Breton farmer, pretending to be stone deaf, *does* both the jobber and the astute Norman buyer who employs him. We recommend to our Yorkshire readers the whole account of the fair of La Martyre ("Derniers Bretons," vol. 2, 167).

Equally characteristic is the account of how the sea was kept out from the marsh at Kurnic. Souvestre went over the ground in company with the engineer to whom (in continental phrase) "the concession had been granted." His account of his difficulties would be most amusing, were not the feeling 'how like Ireland!' so strong as to make it painful. They call his sea wall "*the Devil's dykes*," and think it a pious work to carry



off stones, tools &c. He gets the rector to baptize his pier, his newly-won ground, the very house he had built himself. The peasants look on with wonder, expecting every minute that satan will resent the infliction of holy water. Another time, when the works are nearly finished, a teamster comes up and says, "Your honour, to-morrow's St. Eloi's day. I must drive my horses over to hear mass at Lauderneau." When he had gone, another came with the same story, and another, and another. Treble pay will not keep them. They must go; else the poor beasts will nearly die within the year. Next day was springtide; the sea burst in, and carried away nearly all the works. "That mass (said the engineer) cost me 30,000 francs." Despite the money spent in the district, and the permanent blessing of so much good land gained, the people grumbled: "God has bid the sea go so far; some day He will notice that it does not obey him, and then down will go your dyke before the will of God." "It can't prosper, for it is stolen from the sea and from the poor" (who used to gather seaweed off it, and feed a few sheep on the sour grass round the sides).

Our author notices the Breton distaste for most kinds of handicrafts. He attributes it chiefly to the fact, that in the middle ages all the arts, except the most primitive, were carried on by gipsies and Jews. It is very strange to find that he says so little about 'race.' Our habit of referring all the greatness of England to the Anglo-Saxon element, all the deficiencies of Ireland and the Western Highlands, to the inherent weaknesses of the Celt, is sheer absurdity. It is a German notion, seized on while yet crude and ridiculously distorted by the English press. The state of Wales gives the lie to it at once. We have there an almost homogeneous Celtic population, under moderately favourable conditions, exhibiting very far greater material prosperity, and much more religious and intellectual activity, than Saxon Wessex, or East Anglia. But a separate paper might be written on "the industrial aspects of Brittany." Souvestre enlarges on the native cleverness of the workmen, their want of proper appliances and proper apprenticeship, the way in which some superstition or home-sick fancy, hinders their success abroad. He gives a case in point: a journeyman watchmaker, thrown out of employ by the peace (for his little village had supported no less than three master watchmakers during the years when every privateer's cabin-boy put aside his first prize-money to buy a watch), gets at last to Dublin, and works for an Englishman named Smith. In time his master's daughter falls in love with him; they are to be married; when one night he hears his mother's voice singing old home carols so plainly,

that he is obliged to join in, and the memory of old times, and of a certain little playmate whom he had left, grows so strong, that he throws up everything, writes a long letter to *M. Smith*, and gets the following laconic reply (we give it in Souvestre's own English):—

"You might have spoken before. Your silence has made us all unhappy for a long time; but it must be so.  
 "There is a letter for a fellow-member from Edinburgh.  
 "A workman shall gain by him sufficient to live with a woman."  
 SMITH."

The Breton goes home, prays at his mother's grave, marries Yvonne, and then starts with her for Edinburgh. He works well; gets a shop and business of his own; but his wife falls ill, pines after her village, and dies after making her husband swear to bury her by her mother's side, in the holy Breton ground. He sells off everything, "*buys with his whole fortune the right of carrying off his wife's body*" (Ah, M. Souvestre, is it true that perfide Albion would thus make merchandise of the dead?), and sets sail. A terrible storm overtakes them off the French coast; the sailors at last hear of the corpse, and insist on throwing it overboard; Pierre says they shall throw him over too; while they are debating, a huge wave washes the little craft up high and dry among the rocks. Pierre starts off with his loved burden, buries his dead among her kindred, and begins the world again without a shilling.

By the way, the Breton is no friend to the Englishman; unlike the jolly Norman farmer, who thinks he can afford to be good humoured and even a little patronizing, on the strength of king Harold's defeat, the Breton calls us *Saxons*, and mistrusts us accordingly. In one of the series of tales, there is a very horrible story of the total wreck of a great English three-decker. "The dead are brought up by cartloads: they were Saxons, they weren't Christians, I'm sure; and so the priest would not pain the good souls in the churchyard, by burying the wretches there. They dug holes for them about here; the earth kept soft for a long time, and I (says the girl who tells it) used to come out of evenings, with the children of the township, to dance on the English who were rotting underground."

Let us end with something more pleasing. It is called "How people amuse themselves;" and tells how a journeyman printer at Rennes gets a large legacy left him by an old clothes-selling uncle in Paris. He goes up, with his sworn friend and fellow-workman, with whom he means, in French Pylades and Orestes style, to share all his good fortune. Their intention is to lead

a happy merry life, and they want to learn how. Their first instructor is a sort of second cousin of one of them whom they ferret out, and who introduces them to one phase of fast life. He is a *petit rentier* (i.e. he has, what ruins so many Frenchmen, just enough in the funds to make him eschew the business, which his mother, a plodding milk-seller, had left him). He is the counterpart of our low swell; is member of several pot-house clubs, chairman of the "Glorious Apollos," &c., and is a sort of Dick Swiveller with the good element expunged. His style of amusement does not suit the two printers: they are finally disgusted by a tavern row, in which, after a general scrimmage, a man beats his starving wife when she comes to take him home. They next try a man to whom their master in Rennes had given them an introduction. He is a retired tradesman, who has made his money by speculation, and lives a respectable bachelor life in the Marais—"balls and musical parties in the winter; and pic-nics and so forth in the summer." He takes the two friends on a pic-nic: just as they are starting, up comes the poor woman whose husband they had seen ill-treating her, and begs for time to pay her rent. "She has a sick child and she—" "Stuff and nonsense: you must turn out!" says the ex-tradesman, "out at once, if you don't give me my money." The printers manage to slip some gold into the poor creature's hand; and off they start, the rich bachelor grumbling—"How can these people think of marrying? they're absolutely incorrigible. Why, I've got an income of 8000 francs, and I should as soon think of marrying as of flying." At the pic-nic there is a quarrel between two managing mammas, and a dance after dinner at the *cheval blanc*, finishing up with a fire at the other end of the street. The printers are for rushing off to help. "It can't hurt us, it's too far off," say the dancers; "besides the wind does not blow this way." "We've nothing at stake in this *commune*," says an ex-druggist. The two make a move to go. "Oh dear! we sha'nt have partners enough," simpers a young lady. Their bachelor friend settles the question by locking the door and pocketing the key. "Take your places" is the word; when a sudden burst of fire lights up the room. "Shut the shutters," cry the ladies. "Stop a minute," says one printer, and jumps out into the street closely followed by his friend. "I begin to think we two were not sent into the world to amuse ourselves," says one, as they walk home, soiled and tired, after the fire has been got under. At last, after other trials—some of them in higher walks of life, for the shares left by the uncle go up immensely, and their stockbroker kindly



introduces them to his most selfish "world," with a view of getting them to join some of his "companies"—they get sick of Paris life, and of the "selfish lot who would set the city on "fire to light their cigars." They reflect that there is only a certain sum-total of pleasure in the world, and that those who are always hankering after it are obliged to rob others of it. They go back to Rennes, buy a partnership in their quondam master's business, and devote themselves to the good of their workmen.

The moral is, perhaps, not very exalted; but the world would be different if every English "professor" did as much. And the story is a fair sample of what Souvestre gives us, when he leaves for awhile his dear Brittany and the Bretons.

We have purposely given less of his general tales and more of his Breton sketches; for our object was less to analyse novellettes, than to interest readers in one whom they may safely read for themselves.

We shall hope to return to Souvestre at some future time, for it is impossible to do more than catalogue many of his best works. We have said nothing, for instance, of his sociology (no Frenchman is without "views" on this head), his "Confessions d'un Ouvrier," his collection of sweet little tales, called "Les Anges du Foyer,"\* &c., &c.; but we are sure we have said enough to prove that he is what we called him at the outset, a novelist most interesting in matter, and perfectly wholesome in tone.

### III.

#### MILMAN'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS.†

THIS work, so long out of print, will, no doubt, in its new form, take a place by the side of its learned and industrious author's other contributions to Church History, but it has not the value of the "History of Latin Christianity," Dean Milman's noblest contribution to English literature. Indeed we do not

\* The thrilling series, "Scenes de le Chouannndrie."

† *The History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period down to Modern Times.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 3 vols. Third Edition. Thoroughly revised and extended. John Murray.



anticipate for the "History of the Jews" any large or abiding amount of favour. It is not sufficiently popular, and concise to be popular, nor is it sufficiently scholarly and critical to serve the purpose of scholars. It is the production of the author's comparatively early years; his first effort in the work of church narrative, with certainly a considerable measure of revision, although, scarcely sufficient for volumes apparently so copious. The author's preceding efforts in the same direction, will prepare the reader for a certain measure of latitudinarianism in opinion and expression. In a very able preface of great modesty, the writer gives a very clear exposition of his own views of Inspiration, and of the supernatural and miraculous, as found in Jewish story. On many points his judgment seems to allow itself a freedom of interpretation equal to that of Dr. Williams, and other essayists and reviewers. Thus, of Jacob's wrestling with the Angel, he says, "Awful respect for the Divine nature—" maintained, as above observed, throughout the Biblical history of "Abraham—induces us to adopt, with some learned writers, the "notion, that this contest took place in a dream, as Josephus says, "with a phantasm." Such interpretations will make the book very unsatisfactory to many readers; nor can we see what writers—at any rate with the measure of orthodoxy certainly possessed by Dr. Milman—gain by such inventions; he holds thoroughly by the supernatural and miraculous in Jewish history, while he evidently is not disposed to insist on miracle as God's method now of meeting the conscience. "Men believe "in miracles," he says with great wisdom, "because they are religious. I doubt their becoming religious through the belief in miracles." In a noticeable passage in his preface, he says :

For at the same time, and seemingly with equal steps, the moral and religious majesty of Christianity has expanded on the mind of man. The religious instincts of man have felt themselves more fully and perfectly satisfied by the Gospel of Christ. *These instincts will still cleave to those truths which are the essence of religion, which are religion, while that which is temporary, and belongs to another period of thought and knowledge, will gradually fall away.*

*Christianity, at its first promulgation by our Lord and His Apostles, was an appeal to the conscience, the moral sense, the innate religiousness of mankind: not so much to the wonder, the awe, the reverence, as to the feelings more deeply seated in his nature—less to the imagination than to the spiritual being of man. Its wonders (admit the miracles to the utmost extent) were rare and occasional; its promises, its hopes, its remedial, and reconciling, and sanctifying, and self-sacrificing, and sorrow-assuaging, and heaven-aspiring words, were addressed to the universal human heart. Is not this, in some degree, foreshown in the*

Gospel? Among the signs of His coming, after having recounted His wonderful cures of all diseases and infirmities, *the Saviour seems to rise to, to lay the ultimate stress on, the simple words, "and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."* To this moral test the Saviour Himself seems to submit His own wonderful works. How were His works to be distinguished from those, at that time, thought equally true and equally wonderful, only that they were ascribed to Beelzebub, the Spirit of Evil? It was by their beneficence, their oppugnancy to evil—a test cognisable by, and only cognisable by, the conscience or moral sense of man.

The work before us, and that, recently published and noticed, by Canon Stanley, are almost the only contributions to Jewish History to which we can readily refer. We cannot anticipate for these volumes the acceptance of Stanley's. It is remarkable, that a man who commenced his literary career as a poet, and even achieved eminence as a poet and dramatist, should convey so little of the poet's element to a history so full of striking characters and scenes, as that of the Jews; but it would really seem that when he purged himself from that inflation and pomp of style, and marching grandiloquence of manner, which was characteristic of his rhythmic efforts, he also abandoned all disposition even to merge the poet in the historian. In Stanley, the scenes and characters are living and actual. We suspect that Milman is not, as is the younger historian, minutely acquainted with the land of the Jews. The same remark applies to the great incidents, the wars and signs, prophets and kings, and the people in general. On the whole, we very cordially commend the history of Dean Milman to a place in the library, until a better shall take its place. It is comprehensive. The notes are frequently very informing; the writer has evidently a complete and full acquaintance with his subject, and has added to stores of information, no doubt from year to year. But this is eminently a study in which the amazing excursions of modern criticism in the fields of egyptology and ethnology, and the numerous works of the great German Schools, are found especially helpful, expanding and enlightening. Shall we ever receive a history of the Jews written like the histories of Neander and Gibbon? And by the way, how amazing that Neander, himself a Jew, should have passed by a study and a work so congenial to his nationality and his habits of mind and thought.

The history of the Jews is a study of surpassing interest; their heraldry and ancestry is of the most distant and illustrious antiquity; the pride of the Howards and the Percys pales before the age of the Jew; and as they are of the most antique

and illustrious race, so they are of the purest stock; chosen by the Almighty Ruler of the world as the conservators of the knowledge of His unity and His Providence. They were also the depositaries and treasurers of the greatest truths—to them were committed the oracles of God—these were the most venerable of the world's first fathers—and of these Christ came. Salvation is of the Jews. Certainly, too, as a story, their history yields to none in life and interest. It has everything in it that can stir the passions or stimulate thought. Its interests are as human as they are Divine. They are as full of the finest presentations of pathos and poetry, as they are full of topics for discussion of the profoundest interest in morals and in the art of legislation. The Jews are, probably, the only unmingled race, boasting a high antiquity. Their history leads through every gradation of society, and brings us into contact with almost every nation which commands our interest in the ancient world.

The migratory pastoral population of Asia; Egypt, the mysterious parent of arts, science, and legislation; the Arabian Desert; the Hebrew theocracy under the form of a federative agricultural republic; their kingdom, powerful in war and splendid in peace; Babylon, in its magnificence and downfall; Grecian arts and luxury endeavouring to force an unnatural refinement within the pale of the rigid Mosaic institutions; Roman arms waging an exterminating war with the independence even of the smallest States;—it descends, at length, to all the changes in the social state of the modern European and Asiatic nations.

To follow this people from the pastoral tent of Abram, in the spacious and level plains of Chaldea—from those serene cool heights, where the heavenly bodies attracted by their glory not only observation, but worship, from Ur of the Chaldees, whence the father of the faithful went forth, not knowing whither he went; to the sumptuous temple of Solomon, and the house of the forest of Lebanon—the history of the Jews is the history of one creed. There is but one Almighty God, and there is but one people under His especial protection, the descendants of Abraham. In no other history is man in his infancy so vividly presented to the mind. The evidently undesigned passages and coincidences of the Scriptural story are remarkable illustrations of the manners of the earliest people, and Abraham and Jacob live before the reader with singular distinctness; incidents the most trifling become illustrative of human manners, although we should perhaps demur to the verdict of Dr. Milman when he says, that “even in Abraham we do not find that nice and lofty sense of veracity which distinguishes a



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"state of society where the point of honour has acquired great influence." On the contrary, the character of Abraham seems to us to be that, independently of his high religious character, of the singularly sensitive and high-minded pastoral Sheikh. We yet sympathize, however, with our author in the feeling that the characters of the patriarchs are by no means to be exempted from the judgment of posterity, excepting where they are under the express commandment of God. To the earliest records of this remarkable race, we think a dispassionate testimony will not refuse to assign the very highest antiquity. All internal evidence, from minute particulars, incidents and touches of character, and the laws of special enactment, tend to give the earliest documents of the Hebrews, what our author calls, not inappropriately, "a desert origin." The story of the Jews in the early Biblical ages is a story that gains by no human narrative. We must really say that Dean Milman has only recited the Scriptural story, with no additional charm and little additional elucidation. The life of Israelitish history is in the awful idea of the Divine Being, "the Lord our God is one Lord." This was the origin of the separation of the Father of the Faithful from his idolatrous people—this gave distinction to the homes he founded in the oak groves of Hebron and Sichem—this separated him not only from his father's house, but from the idolatrous fire-worshippers, and nature worshippers by whom he was surrounded. Looking at the simple Biblical record, it seems amazing that any writer should, like Spinoza, for instance, attempt to show that the sublime and simple conception of the Godhead was first made to dawn upon the mind of Moses. Upon the mind of Abraham the majestic conception of God, as one immaterial and active personality, an apparition shapeless to the eye, seems quite as distinct as that conception which, with a more legal distinctness, was presented on Sinai; but only because intended to meet the moral natures of a less spiritually exalted people. The Rabbinites say that, when Moses passed away from God with the tables of the law, the fiery angels resisted him, ready to consume him because they had not the law, which they endeavoured to keep in heaven to themselves. The Lord at that instant clothed Moses with the brightness of His glory, and said to him, "Since they insist on keeping the law to themselves, give them an answer." Then Moses thus addressed them: "It is written in the law, 'I am the Lord thy God that brought thee up out of the land of Egypt,' have you served in Egypt? or have you been carried from thence, that you have need of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods but me,' have you any idolatry amongst you,



that you need a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' have you any business among you that requires the obligation of an oath? And it is said, 'Remember the Sabbath,' &c., have you any labour among you that you have need of rest? It is written, 'Honour thy father and mother,' have you any parents to honour and respect? It is written, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is there any bloodshed among you, that you must have a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' have you women among you, that you should want the restraint of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not steal,' are there any goods among you in the firmament, that you stand in need of a law? And when Moses had recited all the items of the tables, the ministering spirits renounced their mistaken pretensions, and yielded to the words of the living God, saying, "Lord our Ruler, how glorious is thy name in all the lands, who exalteth thy majesty above the heavens!" So say the Rabbins—not always the wisest people of our race we admit—but the wisdom of the passage we have cited it might be well for casuists, like those who affect to see a greater simplicity in the Mosaic than in the Abrahamic faith, to attain. It is with the Mosaic law as with all laws; it neither precedes nor anticipates sins, it follows them. For a simple reverent nature like that of Abraham, the patriarch of a cluster of simple and reverent folk, a very different law was needed, to that which was necessary for a mighty nation, preserving, in the main, no doubt, the traditions of their fathers, but involved by the Fetichisms and the innumerable metaphysical subtleties and social sins of the people, in whose midst they had lived for many generations; but for Israel beneath the cloud-skirted crags of Sinai, as for Abraham beneath the magnificent night skies in the midst of the Mesopotamian deserts, the same ritual of elevated reverence towards God, honoured always as the Ineffable One, the ineffable name, and the same faithfulness in all human obligations, distanced, in the religious and social character of this mysterious people, all other religions and politics on the face of the earth.

M. Frank, in his "Oriental Studies" says: "That which immediately strikes us in the books which compose the Old Testament, is the terms in which they speak of God, the moral and personal character with which they represent Him, without touching His metaphysical attributes (that is to say, those which enter into the idea of the infinite). The question is not here, as in Brahminism and Buddhism, of a principle not only infinite, but absolutely indefinable, of a substance without form or attributes, and, consequently, without will and con-

“science, which confounds or mingles itself with nature. The question is not, as in the theology of the ancient Egyptians, of a heroic couple, struggling without hope against an invincible enemy; or a mythological personification with attributes contrary to the nature of God. The question is not, as in the Zendavesta, of two unequal principles, of which the best and strongest only triumphs in the end, after having been equalled and then effaced during a long period by its powerful enemy; the question is, of an only (or single) God, a voluntary, intelligent and almighty Cause, the Creator and Superintendent of all beings—whose power only admits rules and limits from His own wisdom.”

Dean Milman has devoted some space to the history of Israel in Egypt, but it is a section of his work in which we feel he is scarcely abreast of the large region of knowledge the subject suggests; we believe with him, there is nothing in the monumental history of Egypt which refuses to harmonise with the Mosaic history; we agree with him too, in a measure of despair, in the making the synchronisms of Egyptian and Hebrew history equal the precision of those of the parallel histories of France and England. We believe the synchronism is daily becoming more evident; but scepticism demands that the years of Abraham, Sesostris, and Moses, and their events, should be settled with a precision equal to that with which we are able to determine the events of the reigns of Louis XVI. or George III. If this be not done, scepticism will not believe. Perhaps it will not be done—perhaps it will—in any case, we believe the Bible history will not lose by a greater or lesser amount of chronological gloom. Every period of Jewish history suggests a subject for copious dissertation. Israel in the wilderness, especially; the Law given on Mount Sinai, the Presence shown in the mount, were they ever perfectly fulfilled? The skill of Bezaleel we are to suppose as much a matter of immediate inspiration as the most exalted wisdom of the Law; the fringes and tassels of the Tabernacle were as much Divine ordinances as the Ten Commandments; the whole prescriptions seem to us like an ideal religious Utopia, a magnificent and gorgeous conception, never realized on earth. Dr. Milman suggests some observances and prescriptions apparently never fulfilled: the observance of the Sabbatic year, the great agrarian year of the jubilee, an entire silence is maintained with reference to their observance. The dreams of some modern sceptics, that all these gorgeous arrangements were the production of some mind, some dreaming hierophantic intellect, in the later periods of Jewish history, seem absurd enough, and an entire inversion of the laws and processes of the human mind; on the contrary, what

more rational than that such a hallowed plan should rise before the consummate mind of the Great Legislator, in the moment when anticipating the occupation of a whole country and its distribution among the conquerors. The law of Moses has, we believe, never received from the Christian church the attention and homage to which it is entitled. Formed for a wild and rugged people, in some of the earliest births of society, constructed in all its particulars with reference to the hardness of their hearts, it contains principles and suggestions not unably fitted to be the guiding lights of society in any age. It is a mysterious and insolvable problem, by what process Israel reached its period of magnificence and splendour in the age of Solomon; the rearing of the Temple, the narrative commanding the homage of our faith, is as marvellous and mythical as the rearing of the Tabernacle. Our author well says, "it was such an edifice as a traveller might have expected to find in Eldorado." Its walls of hewn stone faced with cedar, carved with knobs and flowers. For seven years and a-half this marvellous fabric rose in silence; timbers and stones of vast proportions, put together without the sound of any tool whatever; as Bishop Heber has not less truly than gracefully expressed it:—

"Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew."

Even in the days of Solomon the instinct of accumulation—the passion of the Rothschilds and the Goldschmidts—seemed to have characterised the children of Israel; but the wealth of Solomon and of his nation was, for any monarch or age, overwhelming and wonderful; although, no doubt, the accumulation rather of his father's conquests than even his own extensive commerce. Israel in the days of Solomon is a most exciting subject of thought; the Jews were trading with all the known parts of the world—with Tyre and Phœnicia—most likely with the British Isles—with African shores—with inland Egypt, and all along the valleys of the Nile; from Zebulun, the haven for ships, sailed forth fleets for Ophir—their East Indies, as Tarshish was their West. A busy life was going on at Joppa, and as busy a transit in the trade with Nabbathean Arabs; while, pushing far into the centre of the desert, the magnificent king subduing the Syrian tribes, reared there Tadmor, Palmyra, and Baalbec. Looking at the extent of commerce and the vast relations it implied, we do not wonder at the figurative language which tells us, that in Jerusalem "silver was as stones, and cedar trees as sycamore trees."

Very soon all this glory faded, and in vivid language the Scriptures tell us how.



As the storm darkened over the Hebrew kingdoms, the voices of the Prophets became louder and more wild. Those whose writings have been preserved in our sacred volume now came upon the scene. In their magnificent lyric odes we have a poetical history of these momentous times, not merely describing the fall of the two Hebrew nations, but that of the adjacent kingdoms likewise. As each independent tribe or monarchy was swallowed up in the great universal empire of Assyria, the seers of Judah watched the progress of the invader, and uttered their sublime funereal anthems over the greatness, the prosperity, and independence of Moab and Ammon, Damascus and Tyre. They were like the great tragic chorus to the awful drama which was unfolding itself to the Eastern world. Nor did they confine their views to their own internal affairs, or to their own immediate neighbourhood. Jonah appeared as a man under Divine influence in Nineveh; and Nahum described the subsequent fate of that vast city in images which human imagination or human language has never surpassed.

Dr. Milman is too prudent and cautious to deal with any of those questions which throw the charm of the myth and the mystery round the history of Israel; he does not dwell long on the dispersion of the ten tribes; the people whom vivid imaginations loved to follow into remote and inaccessible regions, where they still wait their restoration to Palestine. He does not discuss any of the favourite theories of modern times, as to their identity with Affghans in India, North American Indians or Saxons. Dr. Milman never allows his faith to be easily imposed upon by plausibilities, but he illustrates the destruction of the army of Sennacherib, from a remarkable classical coincidence. Our readers are aware that Herodotus refers to this great miracle, ascribing their destruction very absurdly to a number of field mice gnawing asunder their quivers and bow-strings. Dr. Milman has pointed to one of those coincidences so often confirming Scriptural story; it seems, according to Horappolo, the mouse was the Egyptian hieroglyphic symbol of a total destruction. Herodotus was, no doubt, misled by this; he saw the shield, the quiver and the bow, the symbols for a great army, in conjunction with the field mouse, and then supposed this to be the minister of their destruction, confusing the symbol of completeness with the cause. We cannot but notice upon this, how often some such little reading not only confirms a Scriptural story, but throws light upon a difficulty; the statement of Herodotus seemed to us marvellous, when we read it as boys; the reading of Dean Milman plainly reveals the cause of the garrulous old Athenian's mistake.

As we have neither intention nor space for the purpose of reviewing the whole course of Jewish history, and as it may be

presumed that the succession of kings and events is well known through the stream of Scriptural narrative to most of our readers, we hurry over the pages of the story. It is most remarkable, that the history is from the earliest period one long succession of Jeremias. No nation ever suffered so much; the first period of the history as a nation, closes with the Babylonian captivity, but the miraculousness we have attributed to their origin and their history accompanies them in their dispersion; they remain a separate people, divided from their native country; they are still Jews; their law and their religion became the principles of inextinguishable nationality. They passed from their irregular and picturesque mountain city, from its unequal heights, looking down into its deep and precipitous ravines; they entered the vast square level city of Babylon, occupying both sides of the broad Euphrates, the city intersected by straight canals, and bordered by rows of willows, the colossal temple of the Chaldean Bel rising from the plain, with its eight stupendous stories or towers; the palace of the Babylonian kings, more than twice the size of the whole city, covering eight miles, with its hanging gardens, built on arched terraces, each rising above the other, and rich in all the luxuries of artificial cultivation. How different from the sunny cliffs of their own land, where the olive and the vine grew spontaneously, and the cool shady and secluded valleys, where they could always find a shelter from the burning noon. No wonder that in such scenes, in the pathetic language of their own hymns, "*By the rivers of Babylon they sat down and wept, when they remembered Zion.*" Judea was never really itself again. Dean Milman, in referring to this period, takes up the sceptical view of the Book of Daniel, but he adduces nothing new in the argument; he throws the whole paragraph into the form of a note, which is very frequently the case with many of the most interesting passages in his volumes, thus separating them from the stream of his history. He has no hesitancy in giving full confidence to the book of Daniel as in the main historically true, and his criticisms in this matter are only the refinements of those nice shades of philological analysis by which we have learned in these latter days to pronounce our judgments upon the most venerable documents of antiquity. The book of Daniel is the most vast and imposing structure of oriental literary magnificence and imagination which has come down to us; but through the years of captivity and return we hurry on, only remarking, that we presume from the place of Dr. Milman's criticism, that he assigns to this period the book of Job—a literary verdict to which we should oppose

the most grave and complete objections; from the return of the Jews, and the restoration of their temple, flows on a succession of circumstances of the highest order of historical romance; they do not belong to the Scriptural story, and therefore our acceptance or rejection of them does not involve our faith; such for instance as the entrance of Alexander the Great into Jerusalem, where in a vision, God commanded Jaddua the high-priest to hang out garlands, and go forth in pontifical robes, to meet the conqueror, with the priests in their ceremonial attire, and the people in white garments; and as the solemn procession passed on, we are told, no sooner had Alexander beheld the high-priest in his hyacinthine robes, embroidered with gold, and with a turban and its golden frontlet, and the holy name inscribed there in golden characters, than he fell down prostrate; and adored before the holy name. We read that his attendants were lost in amazement; the Phœnicians and Chaldeans had been eagerly expecting the command to disperse the multitude, and to commence the work of pillage. The Syrian kings who stood around doubted if the monarch was in his senses, and Parmenio, that favoured friend, enquired of his royal master "why he whom all the world worshipped, should worship the high-priest." "I worship," said the monarch, "not the high-priest, but his God; in a vision at Dios, in Macedonia, that figure in that very dress appeared to me, exhorting me to pass over into Asia, and achieve the conquest of Persia." Alexander then took the high-priest by the hand, and together they entered the city, and sacrifice was offered; and the high-priest read to him the book of Daniel, showing to him the prophecy which declared how a Greek should overthrow the Persian kingdom. Of course a story like this has been subjected to fiery criticism, but it is only one of many such legends and marvels hanging round the holy city. As times of disaster again approached—but what times were not disastrous?—prodigies and omens made themselves felt and seen, the scape-goat which should have been thrown from the rocks, escaped into the desert; the great western light of the golden chandelier no longer burned with a steady flame, and was sometimes extinguished; the sacrificial fire languished, the sacrificial bread was insufficient for the priesthood. Before the persecution by Antiochus, portentous omens strode over the heavens, they were seen all ablaze with horsemen in cloth of gold, tilting at each other with the flash of swords and bucklers; the wild tumult described in the second book of Maccabus, raged over the heavens "for forty days; troops of horsemen in array, with the shaking of shields, and the multitude of pikes, and drawing



“of swords, and casting of darts, and glittering of golden ornaments and harness of all sorts. Wherefore every man prayed “that that apparition might turn to good.” That apparition did not turn to good. Antiochus entered Jerusalem, and in three days put to death forty thousand of the inhabitants, and seized as many more to be sold as slaves. He entered every court of the temple, pillaged the treasury ; seized all the sacred utensils, the golden candlestick, the table of shewbread, the altar of incense ; commanded a great sow to be sacrificed on the altar of burnt-offerings, part of the flesh to be boiled, and the liquor from the unclean animal to be sprinkled over every part of the temple, thus desecrating the spot the Jews had for centuries regarded as the most holy of the whole universe, with the most odious defilement. It was soon after this, the banner of the Maccabees was raised—a name of which the origin is quite doubtful—some asserting that it was formed from the concluding letters of a sentence in the eleventh verse of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, “*Mi Camo ka Baalim Jehovah*,” signifying “Who is like thee among the Gods, O Jehovah.” The deeds of Judas Maccabeus are well known. He roused the expiring spirit of the Jewish nation, he marched on from conquest to conquest, scattering with his brave army of 10,000, the host of Lycias of 60,000 foot and 5000 horse ; he entered the ruined and desolate Jerusalem, in whose courts they found shrubs growing like the underwood of a forest ; every part of the sacred temple profaned and all the priestly chambers thrown down. With wild lamentations and the sound of martial trumpets, they mingled their prayers and their praises to the God of their fathers. Judas rose like the avenging spirit of his nation, he re-established a powerful state in Judea, repaired and fortified the sacred edifice, purified the city from the profanation of the heathen, constructed a new altar, and replaced on it the booty taken from the enemy, the sacred vessels ; thus by the valour of the Maccabees the people were recalled from an almost lost political existence. Once again the prowess of the brave leader was tried ; when Lycias again sought the subjugation of Judea ; when “the army in radiant armour “made the mountains to glisten, and seem like lamps of fire ;” but wherever the invincible Judas fought, the Israelites were successful. At last the Syrians were compelled to yield, a treaty was concluded, and full liberty to worship was guaranteed to the Jews, and they were permitted to live according to their own laws.

The history of the Jews is strewn with anecdotes and legends which are not so well known to us as the similar stories in the pages of the histories of Greece and Rome. Thus when the

days—never far removed—of the reverses came again, when Pompey assaulted the city and the temple, the priests were employed in the daily sacrifice; unmoved by the terror and confusion and carnage around. When the great Roman general entered the temple, his conduct excited at once the horror and the admiration of the Jews. He surveyed every part, penetrated and profaned with his heathen presence, even the Holy of Holies, into which the priest entered only once a year. But how great was his astonishment to find this mysterious sanctuary entirely empty, with no statue or form or symbol of the Deity, to whom it was consecrated. So through the years of almost unbroken adversity glides the stream of the history. Disastrous to themselves, the Jews had the dark and melancholy satisfaction of feeling, that they must be beneath Divine protection, as they noticed how almost invariably their worst enemies were marked for disaster and disgrace. Dr. Milman dwells at length on the history of Herod the Great, the last independent sovereign of Palestine; a sovereign in whom all the successes of majesty mingled with all the domestic miseries and horrors of domestic cruelty, so common in the lives of Oriental princes. The murderer of the innocents—a crime too insignificant to excite, amidst a stream of crimes, much attention or sensation, died, after labouring by servility to Rome to increase the magnificence of his country, in great torments, with a dying request that on his death all the chief families should be massacred. And although this request was not complied with, dispensing death and life liberally in the last expiring moments.

The alliance with Rome brought innumerable woes to the Jews. Sometimes those very woes seem to partake of the ludicrous; in no instance more remarkably illustrating this, than in the effort made by the mad vanity of Caligula to procure for himself deification in the Jewish temple. He accused the Jews of being the only nation which had refused to sacrifice to him. The Jews misconceiving the charge, promptly declared that they had three times sacrificed for the welfare of the Emperor. "Be it so," rejoined he, "ye have sacrificed for me and not to me." We do not wonder, when we are told that, upon this singularly modest expression, the priest stood aghast and trembling. The interview with the Emperor was indeed ridiculous, if it was fearful. Breaking away from the conversation, he ran through the chambers of the palace, and presently returned exclaiming, "Why is it you do not eat pork?" the whole court burst into laughter, the Jews temperately replied: "Different nations have different usages, some do not eat lamb." "They are quite right," said the Emperor, "it is insipid meat;" and then he ran again

wildly about the palace. Threats, however, and madness, failed to move the invincible Jews. "You, are those enemies of the Gods," he said, "who alone refuse to acknowledge my divinity, and worship "a Deity whose name you dare not pronounce;" and then to their horror he uttered, we may imagine how, the ineffable name. At last, the audience came to an end; the Jews were glad to escape with their lives, and Caligula exclaimed as he saw the last of them: "Well, after all, they do not seem so bad, only a poor "foolish people who cannot believe that I am a god." Far darker days drew on, the years indeed even waning to a close in which Jerusalem should be a city, and Judea, even as a dependency, recorded among the nations, those wild and snatchy fragments of heroism and magnanimity—which mark rather a dying than a growing people—broke forth from time to time; and we may allow Dean Milman, whom we have permitted but seldom to illustrate by his own words our remarks upon his volumes, to recite one of those instances of bold, brave, revolt against unjust power, in the story of Asinai and Anilai.

It might seem as if the skirts of that tremendous tempest, which was slowly gathering over the native country and the metropolis of the Jewish nation, broke, and discharged their heavy clouds of ruin and desolation successively over each of the more considerable, though remote, settlements of the devoted people. The Jews of Babylonia had now their turn. There is something very remarkable in the history of this race, for the most part descendants of those families which had refused to listen to the summons of Zorobabel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, and to return to the possession of their native country. It was, perhaps, natural that men born in a foreign region, and knowing the lovely land of their ancestors only by tradition, or by the half-forgotten descriptions of their departed parents, should hesitate to abandon their houses, their fields, and their possessions, in the hospitable country to which their fathers had been transported by force, but where they themselves had become naturalized. But the singular part of their history is this: that though willing aliens from their native Palestine, they remained Jews in character and religion; they continued to be a separate people, and refused to mingle themselves with the population of the country in which they were domiciliated. While those who returned to the Holy Land were in danger of forming a mixed race, by intermarriages with the neighbouring tribes, which it required all the sternest exercise of authority in their rulers to prevent, the Babylonian Jews were still as distinct a people as the whole race of Israel has been since the final dispersion. They adhered together, though wanting as well the bond of persecution, as the deep religious hope of restoration to the promised land in more than their ancient glory; for this hope was obviously not strong enough to induce them to avail themselves of the present opportunity of return, at the price of their possessions in the Median dominions.



Nor did they, like the Jews of Alexandria, become in any degree independent of the great place of national worship; they were as rigid Jews as if they had grown up within sight of the Temple. They still looked to the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem as the centre of their faith;—they regularly sent their contributions to its support. The passionate attachment to their native country gave place to a more remote, though still profound, attachment to the religious capital of their people. The Temple became what the Caaba of Mecca is to the Mohammedans, the object of the profoundest reverence, and sometimes of a pious pilgrimage; but the land of their fathers had lost its hold on their affections;—they had no desire to exchange the level plains of Babylonia for the rich pastures, the golden cornfields, or the rocky vineyards of Galilee and Judæa. This Babylonian settlement was so numerous and flourishing, that Philo more than once intimates the possibility of their marching in such force to the assistance of their brethren in Palestine, in case the Roman oppression was carried to excess, as to make the fate of the war very doubtful. Their chief city, Nearde, was strongly situated in a bend of the river Euphrates, which almost surrounded the town. Here, in a place impregnable to the Parthian robbers, the Jews of Mesopotamia had made a sort of treasury, in which they laid up the tribute of two drachmas a head, which was received for the service of the Temple, and at stated intervals transferred to Jerusalem. In this city were two orphans, named Asinai and Anilai, who had been bred up as weavers, probably of those rich stuffs for which Babylonia was so long celebrated. On some ill-usage from the master-manufacturer, they fled to a low district between two branches of the river, where there were rich meadows, and a place where the shepherds used to lay up their stores for the winter. There a number of indigent and discontented youths gathered around them, and they became the captains of a formidable band of robbers. They built a strong fortress, secured by the marshes around, and levied tribute on the shepherds, whom, however, they defended from all other assailants. The Satrap of Babylon determined to suppress them, and seized the favourable opportunity of the Sabbath for his attack. Asinai happened to be reposing among a number of his followers, whose arms lay scattered around;—he suddenly exclaimed, “I hear the tramping of horses; it must be more than a troop of wild ones in their pastures, for I hear likewise the jingling of the bridles!” Spies were sent out, and the whole band determined to sacrifice their respect for the Sabbath to their self-preservation. They attacked and defeated their assailants with great slaughter. Artabanus, the King of Parthia, heard with admiration of their extraordinary valour, and sent to offer terms of accommodation. Anilai was sent to the court, where the king pledging his personal honour for their security, Asinai was persuaded to follow him. The king received them with great courtesy, admired their singular corporal strength and activity, and refused all the secret solicitations of his officers to rid himself by treachery of such dangerous men. He even appointed Asinai to the supreme command in Babylonia, with strict injunctions to suppress all

robbers. Asinai conducted himself with equal vigour and prudence, and rose to the highest degree of wealth and power. But wealth and power led to their usual consequences, insolence and injustice. Anilai became enamoured of the wife of a Parthian chieftain, whom he excited to hostilities, and slew. This woman, to the great offence of the Jews, adhered to the Parthian religion. The Jews strongly urged on the brother, Asinai, the imperative necessity of preventing this breach of the law in his own family. Asinai at length strongly remonstrated with his brother, and insisted on the dismissal of the woman. His remonstrances were fatal to himself; for the Parthian woman, apprehending some further exercise of authority, poisoned Asinai; and thus the supreme authority passed into the hands of Anilai. Anilai, with equal bravery, but far less prudence and virtue than his brother, attacked the territory of Mithridates, a Parthian chieftain of the highest rank and connected by marriage with the king, surprised him by an unexpected attack on the Sabbath, and took him prisoner. Contrary to the advice of his more desperate associates, he refused to put the captive to death, and released him. The royal wife of Mithridates, furious at the disgrace, instigated her husband to revenge; and they assembled considerable forces. Anilai, disdaining to rely on the strength of his marshes, advanced a great way into the plains, where his troops suffered grievously from want of water. In this state they were attacked by Mithridates, and totally defeated. But desperate adventurers flocked from all quarters to the standard of Anilai; his losses were speedily restored, and he waged a marauding war and carried fire and sword into the Babylonian villages. The Babylonians sent to Nearda, the chief settlement of the Jews, to demand the surrender of Anilai. Those in Nearda were unable or unwilling to comply with this order. At length the Babylonians surprised the camp of the robber, when his soldiers were sunk in debauchery and sleep, slew the whole band, and Anilai himself.

The close we may suppose to be familiar to most of our readers. The deeds of John of Gischala, the part played by Josephus in that cruel siege—alone in its horrors in the stories of all sieges—the slaughter on mount Gerizim, the sallies of the distressed forces, the battering of the walls, the retreat upon the Temple, the siege of the Temple; the voices of prophets, who, however called false, were true enough in their annunciations of the overhanging doom; the visions of strange swords hanging in the heavens, and armies fighting in the air; the opening of the great gate without hands; the tingling whispers thrilling along the walls of the Temple among the shivering worshippers in the sanctuary, “Arise, let us go hence,” the wild shriek of Jesus, the son of Annas, “Woe to the city,” ending in the still more frantic cry, “Woe to myself,” as he was struck dead with a stone; then the entrance of the Roman army, then the torch that fell upon the beautiful Temple, which Titus yet desired to

spare ; then the story of the wild havoc, completing the destruction of nearly a million and a-half of lives, and the leading of a hundred thousand away into captivity ; and then came the gorgeous triumph of Titus, the magnificent pageant through the Roman capital, in which, among the spoils, the golden table, and the seven-branched candlestick, and the Book of the Law were borne in procession ; and so was Jerusalem trodden down of the Gentiles. In the termination of the war, we are interested in the history of Josephus : to him Titus behaved, after his surrender, in the most courteous manner ; he became Flavius Josephus, indicating to us his Roman citizenship. He was present during the whole siege, as we know, endeavouring to persuade his fellow-countrymen to capitulate. The Roman army in general regarded him as something of a traitor, but upon the capture of the city, Titus offered him any boon he would request. He chose the sacred books, and the lives of his brother and fifty friends ; and Titus permitted him afterwards to choose one hundred and ninety of his friends and relatives from the multitudes shut up in the Temple to be sold as slaves. A short time after, passing by Tekoa, among a number of persons writhing in crucifixion, he saw three of his intimate associates ; he instantly rode off to entreat their pardon, and procured it, but two died as they were taken down from the cross, the third survived. These are certainly indications of the favour, and, as we have seen some have regarded it, the suspicious favour in which Josephus stood with the Roman government. Henceforth the political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated ; the Jews during, to them, all the dreary ages since, have been denizens everywhere, citizens almost nowhere ; they have retained their features, their mental character, their language, their literature, their religion ; they seem to have accommodated themselves to all climates, and countries, and governments, and civilization. Few have been the years in which they have not been bitterly persecuted, but an astonishing and miraculous fecundity, like that which marked them in the old cities of the hill, seems to have characterized them, the more they have been persecuted by so much the more have they multiplied and grown. In the first days, after the destruction of their beautiful city, they sought to re-establish themselves in communities, but in the amphitheatres they were set by the savage lictors and their masters, not only to be torn to pieces by beasts, but to tear each other to pieces ; and all the markets of the Roman empire were glutted with Jewish slaves. It seemed, however, an inexhaustible race. The poor creatures were perpetually falling out of the order of things in the empire ; they sought in



their communities and families to retain their ancient usages, and their lamentations and rejoicings were all ill-timed. Thus we read, how, on the birthday of a prince, when the whole Roman empire was rejoicing, as it happened on the ninth day of August, the whole of the Jewish people were lamenting. Again, while the imperial family were mourning for the loss of a daughter, the unlucky Jews were celebrating, in noisy mirth, the Feast of Lamps. The Empress exclaimed (it was in the reign of Trajan), "Before ye march against the barbarians, sweep me this insolent people from the face of the earth." The Emperors and Cæsars, merciful and temperate to others, seem to have been uniformly cruel to the Jews, and even the wise Trajan bears upon his history the charges of a cruelty as great as any. It was in this period of their history there arose that strange phenomenon of their literature, and of all literature,—"*Rabbinism*," which, supplanting the original religion of the Jews, formed a new national ligature and tie. Henceforth, as the people were to abide without their ephod, and their altar, and sacrifice, and Urim and Thummim; the interpretation of the law was to be their badge of highest distinction. "He," said Gamaliel—the last of the Gamaliels—the son of Judah, the prince, "He who multiplies flesh, multiplies woes. He who multiplies riches, multiplies cares. He who multiplies woes, multiplies riches. He who multiplies women-servants, multiplies wickedness. He who multiplies men-servants, multiplies robbery. He who multiplies the land, multiplies life. He who multiplies schools, multiplies wisdom. He who multiplies council, multiplies the law. He who multiplies justice, multiplies peace. He who gains to himself a good name, gains himself. He who gains the law, gains eternal life." We are familiar with this vein of mystical exaggeration in which these strange masters of verbal casuistry indulge. With the worship of the law, grew also into existence the worship of the synagogue. Debarred the possibility of worshiping and sacrificing in their Temple, the Rabbins gathered round them clusters of Jewish people, to be instructed out of the law in a much more distinct manner than at any previous period of their history. Hope, so mighty, in the hearts of the children of Judah, kindled anew, and false Messiahs arose; of these, the most interesting was the Rabbi Barcochab, whose history Dean Milman recites with great interest, but which we must leave to those readers who would explore his volumes for themselves. In many particulars most readers will regard the third as the most interesting of these volumes, detailing the history of the outcast people from the fourth century to the present time. Our readers have not

to be told how remarkable this history is, through what varied lots, and laws, and persecutions they have passed. Perhaps it is in this volume, however, that we more especially feel the inadequacy of the history. This is surely a work in which we might have expected a thoroughly complete and copious account of one so important in the history of Judaism, as Maimonides, but Dean Milman dismisses him, and that wonderful book, the "*More Nevochim*," ("the guide to those who have lost their way,") in two or three pages. Maimonides is regarded as the founder of rationalism, the first who on broad principles attempted to harmonise reason and religion, and the speculative parent of Spinoza, and Mendelssohn. No other people have received, through so long a period as the Jews, cruelties so horrible, so undeserved, and so uniform; but through the dark and the middle ages, the instincts of trade and commerce, in a wonderful manner made them the masters of vast accumulated treasures. Thomas Aquinas lays it down as an axiom that the Jews are the slaves of the church. As such they were treated, they were sold, bequeathed, and pawned, and the Negro of the Southern States is not in our day a more hated and abominated creature than was the Jew. Chivalry, which alleviated the social state of Europe, brought only unmixed wretchedness to the Jew; and Feudalism, which was a kind of bastion of protection to all orders and conditions of men, had no shield for him. Few cities did not flow with Jewish blood in massacre. Ridiculous tales were invented, like that of the "Lost Child," the story of the "Host at Brussels," and "Hugh of Lincoln." There is not an item of the heavy doom which was pronounced by the dying Moses in the Deuteronomy which has not befallen them. The Jews move over the face of the earth like a perpetual miracle; how can they love, who have been so universally hated? How can they be loyal who have been so uniformly despised? How slightly they are known; how few are able to boast any acquaintance with even their history, with their social life and character; and fewer still, with their modern literature, its poetry, and its philosophy. Dean Milman says:—

In general, however, Rabbinical literature, excepting in the few indistinct glimpses obtained by Jerome, was for a long period a sealed volume to the Christian mind. And all this vast literature to the Jew himself was fatal to freedom and originality of thought, to science properly so called, to all invention, to all bold inquiry. It was theological, if, with some of the deep devotion and some of the sublimity of theology, with its fetters riveted even more closely than any system belonging to a less insulated people, a people more in contact with the

rest of mankind, more inevitably swept forward by the stream of progress, could ever be. Within its circle man might move with some freedom; without that circle he dared not venture a single step. He was the galley slave of the most rigid orthodoxy. No Church authority, no Articles of the narrowest sect have been more jealous, more imperious, more vigilant, than the perpetual dictatorship of the Rabbins. The sacerdotalism of the Middle Ages was not more tyrannous and intolerant than were the schools of Jewish learning. They had their anathemas, their excommunications, of course, more awful, more terrible, to the member of a small community than the ban of Pope or Council; at times they claimed, and even exercised, the right of capital punishment over the obstinate heretic. Within its sphere the Rabbinical lore is infinitely copious and various; its Scholasticism is as acute and subtle, as much delighting in its peculiar subtlety as that of Bradwardine or Duns Scotus; its casuistry is as ingenious, as wiredrawn, as perplexing, and as perilously tampering with morals, as that of Suarez or Del Soto. Not that there were any determinate creeds or articles of belief. These were of a later period, such as the articles drawn up by Maimonides. But it was the awful and unlimited and admitted authority of the Rabbins which, notwithstanding certain differences which at times arrayed master against master, school against school, held the Jews of all countries in passive, and, if it may be said, eager, unstruggling submission. Of the purity of each man's faith, the Rabbins, the authoritative expounders of the Law, the guardians of the hallowed traditions, were the supreme, irrefragable judges.

Yet even under the most revered and time-hallowed tyranny, under the severest and most watchful sacerdotal despotism, the uncontrollable human mind will strive to make a way to its emancipation. In Judaism it was not by impugning (excepting in the case of the Karaïtes) or lowering this uncontested authority, that it strove for freedom. The philosophic Cabala aspired to be a more sublime and transcendental Rabbinism. It was a mystery not exclusive of, but above their more common mysteries; a secret more profound than their profoundest secrets. It claimed the same guarantee of antiquity, of revelation, of tradition; it was the true, occult, to few intelligible, sense of the sacred writings and of the sayings of the most renowned Wise Men; the inward interpretation of the genuine interpretation of the Law and the Prophets. Men went on; they advanced, they rose from the most full and perfect study of the Talmuds to the higher doctrines, to the more divine contemplations of the Cabala. And the Zohar was the Book of the Cabala which soared almost above the comprehension of the wisest.

One of the most marvellous forms of literature is Cabbalism, full of every strange problem, and speculation; in which we have the metaphysical and abstract conceptions, we associate with Manichæanism, and Gnosticism, the conflicts of good and evil, of spirit and matter, of the pre-existence of human souls, and their imprisonment in matter, and their reunion with God



by faith and love; it is full of monstrous allegories, infinity represented by immensity, and the incomprehensible, heaping upon each other inconceivable masses of numbers, of times, and distances. "The ancient Ancienis has a face of the length of 370 "times 10,000 worlds." The light of the head illuminates "400,000 worlds. Every day issue from his brain 400,000 "worlds, the inheritance of the just in the life to come." It is not all nonsense like this, there are premature gleams of scientific knowledge. There is an approach even to the Copernican system, and to this book of the seventh century belong high speculative and exalted views of man, at last, however, degenerating into magic and wonder-working, and prying into unrevealed mysteries, and the pretension to enchantments, amulets, and the boasted familiarity with the powers and virtues of the occult forces of nature

"None," says Ernest Renan, "were in earnest about the "Arabian philosophy but the Jews." Dr. Milman presents a very comprehensive and able summary of the various departments of Jewish literature, he says:—

The old Hebrew poetry, that of the Bible, by its transcendent excellence, dooms to obscurity all later Hebrew verse. With a religious people—and through their religion alone the Jews persevere in being a people—their poetry must be, and almost always has been, essentially religious. But every avenue to the heart and soul of the Jew is pre-occupied by hymns, by odes, by Gnomie verse, which have cloven to the universal heart and soul of man to a depth, and with the tenacity, never surpassed or equalled. Every emotion, every thought, almost every occurrence in the somewhat narrow sphere of Jewish life, has already found its expression in words so inimitable, in music so harmonious, that all other words must seem pale and feeble. What can be the choral hymns of the Synagogue compared with those which resounded in the courts of the first, or even of the second, Temple? What lyric language can refuse to borrow its tone from, and therefore but faintly echo, the devotional Psalms of David, and of those who followed him? What Odes on all the awful events of human or national life can approach those of the Prophets? The sorrows of centuries can hardly wring from Jewish hearts any lamentations approaching to those of Jeremiah. According to the historian of later Jewish poetry, the three treasure-houses of Jewish song are, their History, their Law, and their Legends. But their older History is in itself such poetry that it can only be expanded into a comparatively flat and lifeless paraphrase. If by the Law be meant their Gnomie poetry, the Proverbs, and the firstfruits of their poetic wisdom, subsequent to the Sacred Books, the Book of Ecclesiasticus will hardly be rivalled by the wisdom and ingenuity of the later Rabbinical school. Even the Legend, from which the Arabic writers, the Koran itself, have drawn so abundantly, in its most creative and imaginative form is found in the Targums.

Their wild and fantastic apocalyptic writings are full of poetry, extravagant, it is true, but still rich in invention, in bold and striking imagery, and with a luxuriant and lavish symbolism.

Nevertheless, Hebrew poetry boasts a succession of writings as copious as that of most modern nations. The lineage of their poets, if occasionally interrupted, has gone on, singing the songs of Zion in strange lands, but in strains audible only to the Jewish ear. It is acknowledged, indeed, that the whole *Mischna* is hard and arid prose; that what is poetical occasionally in the *Talmuds* is without poetic form or language; that the age of the *Gaonim*, nearly five hundred years, from A.C. 540 to 997, was barren, uncreative, without invention or fancy. But then began, it is said, in Spain the golden age, from 940 to 1040. It was succeeded by a silver age, 1090 to 1190. At a later period winter fell on the poetic Jewish mind. Yet there is no form which the poetry of modern European nations has taken which Hebrew poetry has not attempted to domiciliate. It had its *Troubadours*, with their amorous conceits. It had its epic poems, its *Mosaides*, its *Zionides*, even its drama, the form of poetry, notwithstanding the early attempt of the Judæo-Alexandrian *Ezekiel* to mould the wonders of their early history into a Greek tragedy, the most irreconcilable with their older models. A late poet in Italy has even ventured on a harlequinade for the joyous festival of the *Purim*. The Jewish poets either borrowed rhyme from the Arabian poets, as is most probable, or, as some with national partisanship aver, imparted it to them. They have their *Dantes*; but it is not writing in triple rhymes, nor attempting to unfold the mysteries of the unseen world, which can make a *Dante*; they have their sonnets, but sonnets make not a *Petrarch*; they have even, they confess it with shame, their *Arctins*. Their poetry is that of all countries in which they dwell, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, Poland, and even Russia. But, after all, these are still foreign lands. There is something deeply pathetic in the sentence of the historian of Hebrew poetry—"The pure poetry of Nature cannot be the national poetry of the Jews, for down to this time the Jewish people has been a nationality without a native country, and neither the luxuriant nature of the *Barbaresque* lands, nor the vine-clad shores of the *Rhine*, can make up to them for *Judæa*. A naturalized Jew cannot be a national poet." I presume not to judge of these hidden treasures, secluded in their own libraries, and veiled in their own peculiar language. But it is remarkable that even in translations, however it might be that translation could hardly transfuse poems, retaining much of an indelible Oriental cast, with full justice, into European tongues, so far as I know, hardly any of these boasted treasures have been communicated to the general ear of Europe; and those which have been communicated have fallen dead on the ear. I have never read any piece of modern Hebrew poetry in any translation in which I have not felt that I had heard it before—its images, its thoughts, its passion, its very cadence, is that on which I have dwelt in the Bible.

But we must lay aside these volumes, which have been a source of great pleasure to us. Full as they are of anecdote, and incident, renewed most pleasantly to the memory, from the land set apart by Almighty prescience, and providence, in which the patriarchs had their first dwelling, our writer follows their descendants in the long course of their painful wanderings, and if the volumes are read with a patient eye, the imagination will not long be still. No other history has the same power to excite the imagination, no other history can with any confidence be regarded as so awful. Dr. Milman never permits himself to be carried away by religious or poetical enthusiasm, he recounts all parts of his story very calmly, evidently is not much affected by the thought that he is relating the history of the covenanted and peculiar people. But when the book is laid down, it seems impossible to resist the conviction that some mighty purpose of Providence has separated this people from their origin until now. They "dwell alone and never can be reckoned among the nations;" while, in the ancient history before the crucifixion and the destruction of Jerusalem, they seem to be the sacred depository of truth, of highest truth, truth distancing altogether all the world had; in the ages following the crucifixion of our Lord, the Jew himself seems to hang before the world crucified, he everywhere seems to be the victim of some great and signal doom; in the first ages, set apart in honour, in the later, set apart in indignity and disgrace.

## IV.

## NILI QUÆRERE CAPUT.\*

AS with so many other great discoveries, that which we call such, is rather the process of proof than the discovery; the discovery was made by Captain Speke in, we believe, 1858, when,

\* *Papers read before the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Institution.* By Captain Speke. *Athenæum*, No. 1861, June 2nd, 1863.

2. *The Sources of the Nile: being a General Survey of the Basin of that River, and of its Head-Streams; with the History of Nilotic Discovery.* By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. James Madden.



being with Captain Burton, he announced to his companion that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. Captain Burton, in his entertaining volumes of "Travel to the Lake Regions of Central Africa," gives a sneering and ill-tempered account of what he calls Captain Speke's "inspiration," and his, Captain Burton's, incredulity. "We had scarcely breakfasted, however, before he announced to me the startling fact that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. It was an inspiration perhaps: the moment he sighted the Nyanza, he felt at once no doubt but that 'the lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river, which had been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers;' the fortunate discoverer's conviction was strong; his reasons were weak—were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta, when justifying her penchant in favour of 'the lovely gentleman,' Sir Proteus:—

'I have no other but a woman's reason;—  
I think him so because I think him so;'

"and probably his sources of the Nile grew in his mind as his Mountains of the Moon had grown under his hand." There is a great deal more of the same kind; the traveller continues: "How many times since the days of a certain Claudius Ptolemaeus, surnamed Peleusiota, have not the fountains of the White Nile been discovered and re-discovered after this fashion? But difference of opinion was allowed to alter companionship. After a few days it became evident to me that not a word could be uttered upon the subject of the lake, the Nile, or his *trouvaille* generally, without offence. By a tacit agreement it was therefore avoided, and I should never have resumed it, had my companion not stultified the results of the expedition by putting forth a claim which no geographer can admit, and which is at the same time so weak and flimsy, that no geographer has yet taken the trouble to contradict it."\* This paragraph illustrates some of the first difficulties Captain Speke had to encounter; now, it would seem, he has set at rest the greatest question of geographical science, and has solved the riddle of thirty or forty centuries. Following the indications of his first instinct, or "inspiration," as Captain Burton calls it, he has traced the river from its mystery in the great Lake Nyanza—passing the three great affluents, the Bahr-el-Ghagel, the Geraffa, and the Sobat, and identifying the waters of his discovery in the pilgrimage of

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\* The Lake Regions of Central Africa; a Picture: Exploration by Richard F. Burton, Capt. H.M.I. Army, 1860.

science, with those receiving the well-known tributary of the Blue Nile.

And so the mystery which has cast its ceaseless spell over all the races and the ages of the old world and continent, is cleared up; one feels a sort of grief at parting with a mystery so vast and ancient. From a shallow bed, fed by what Captain Speke calls rush drains—small, half stagnant water courses—at the middle of the northern boundary, the parent stream issues, in a current four hundred and fifty feet wide, leaping over a wall twelve feet high, rocks of an igneous character, which the natives and some Arabs designate by the simple name of stones, which the discoverer has called the Ripon Falls, in honour of the President of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot. Over that wall of rock they beheld the Father of Rivers, rushing with mountain-torrent beauty and majesty. The mystery of the river—which Herodotus had mused upon and longed to penetrate—was all but solved; no doubt much remained to be done, much painful and patient travelling; but Captain Speke must have felt the confirmation of his first happy thought, as, after his long detention, he saw it plunging away, to broaden by its volume, into the channel, pursuing its course for nearly two thousand miles; the great waters emphatically called “the River,” beside which Joseph, and Homer, and Plato had walked—in which Moses was cradled—venerable through a hundred generations by the speculations of scholars, and by the ambition of warriors and kings.

Our readers have not to be informed how interesting is the history of Nilotic discovery. “Egypt,” said old Herodotus, “is the gift of the Nile.” What efforts Egypt herself in the earliest ages made to explore its course, through unknown desert, or uninhabited regions, we cannot tell. Dr. Beke quotes Lucan’s poetic summary of the abortive attempts made to discover the spring.

“Caesar’s desire to know our Nilus’ spring  
Possessed the Egyptian, Persian, Grecian king.  
No age but strived to future time to teach  
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.  
Philip’s great son, Memphis’ most honoured king,  
Sent to earth’s utmost bounds, to find Nile’s spring,  
Choice Ethiops: they trod the sun-burnt ground  
Of the hot zone, and there was no Nilus found.  
The furthest west our great Sesostris saw,  
Whilst captive kings did his proud chariot draw;  
Yet there your Rhodanus and Padus spied,  
Before our Nile’s hid fountain he descried.  
The mad Cambyses to the eastern lands  
And long-lived people came: his famished bands,  
Quite spent, and with each other’s slaughter fed,  
Returned; thou, Nile, yet undiscovered!”

Herodotus was the first of whose efforts in Nilotic discovery we have any account; whether the old traveller was himself imposed on by the story told him by the priests, of the origin of the streams between the two sharp peaks of Croph and Moph, is doubtful, but whatever may have been the impression of the priests themselves, there can be little doubt that they used the mysteriousness of the waters for the purpose of imposing on the credulity of the multitude. In later times, efforts have been made to use the mystery and the marvel for purposes of imposition. In 1843, one M. Antoine de Abbadie, a native of Ireland, and a British subject, in fact a simple Mr. Anthony Thompson, procured a recommendation from the Royal Geographical Society, and a passport from Lord Palmerston, in his character as a British subject; by choice, however, he became M. Antoine d'Abbadie, and in 1843 he announced himself as the discoverer of the source of the Nile, which he described as a small spring issuing from the foot of a large tree, "of the sort that serves in Ethiopia for washing cotton cloths," and as being held sacred by the natives, who yearly offered up to it a solemn sacrifice. To the right and left of it are two high hills, wooded to the summit, bringing to the mind of the reader Croph and Moph, but more ominously named Bosh and Dosh in the country of Gimero, or Gamru, adjoining Kaffa. Subsequently M. d'Abbadie altered his latitude of the source of the Nile. Dr. Beke published an exposure of the fallacies in his alleged discoveries, and the illustrious adventurer has vanished apparently from sight and knowledge.

The tributaries of the Nile have so often been taken for the main trunk of the great river, that incredulity may be pardoned in those, who, until they have almost, with the discoverer, followed the course of the stream, suspect another mistake. The Abbara or Lakazye, was for a long time regarded as the Nile; from the fourth to the end of the eleventh century of the Christian era, if not later, it was known as the Nile or river of Egypt. Further discoveries, when the valleys and plain country between Abbara and the Bahr-el-Azrek, passed into the occupation of the Mahomedan people, who still possess it, led to the regarding of the Blue River as the Nile. The Blue River had been called by the natives by a name which signifies "the father of the waters!" The river Abai was supposed to be the head of the Nile, and this idea not only held possession of the minds of many navigators, and travellers of the middle ages, but even in our own day some have continued to insist on the identity of the Abai with the Nile. This was the idea which deluded Bruce: that unscrupulous traveller, in his reck-



less denunciation of all who said they had visited the source of the Abai, or Blue River, before himself, as "liars," and "impostors," was guilty of great injustice, if not deliberate and wilful falsehood; but in any case, the visit was only to the head of a tributary stream; the throne and fountain of the great monarch remained unknown. Efforts have been constantly made during recent years, to follow up to satisfaction what may be called the results of previous failures, by tracing the pathway of the true Nile. Among the earnest and hopeful men who have endeavoured to keep the eye of the traveller upon the most likely solution, is Dr. Beke. In the very interesting little volume we have placed at the head of this article, he gathers together all the floating hints referring to the Nile discovery, and as we notice the particulars of his narrative, we cannot but marvel that the ancients were so near to a discovery reserved for our days.

• For at the point at which, nearly eighteen hundred years previously, the exploration of the Nile had been abandoned by Nero's centurions, it was resumed by those of Mohammed Ali, who penetrated so far to the south as to establish the *almost literal accuracy of the description of the Upper Nile given by the great geographer of Alexandria; which has now been corroborated by the discovery of the lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika*, whence Ptolemy derived his two arms of the Nile.

Whether these two lakes do actually join the Nile, as asserted by that geographer, is a question requiring investigation. *Captain Speke, when addressing the Royal Geographical Society on his return to England, in May last (1859), expressed the opinion that "Lake Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile."* That it is so towards the south-east may be admitted, as also that it is Ptolemy's eastern lake. But it remains to be ascertained whether there are not other similar reservoirs further westward in the interior of the continent. Indeed, we know already of Lake Tanganyika, in a position sufficiently corresponding to that of Ptolemy's western lake; only its elevation of merely 1800 feet seems to militate against its connexion with the Nile, especially as it is said to be encircled and shut in at its northern extremity by a range of mountains. Still, it is not absolutely certain that Tanganyika has no outlet through or round those mountains; and besides, as the elevation of the Nile at Khartúm is only 1200 feet, whilst from about 10° North latitude the main stream and its principal arms are on almost a dead level, we should be wrong in asserting the physical impossibility of a connexion between the lake and the river.

The 15th volume of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" contains an interesting account, communicated by Mr. Macqueen, of the "Visit of Lief ben Saied to the Great African Lake." The traveller's road from the coast near Zanzibar was up the valley of the Kingani as far as the Zohgomero [Zungomero], thence crossing into the valley of the Matoney [Ruaha], and so by Jangwera [Uniangwira]

to the river Magrazie [Malagarazi] and the lake; "the whole time from the shore of Africa being 140 days, or four and a-half months on the road, during which time (he says) we travelled sixty-two days, at about the rate of nine or ten miles daily; but I have no means of ascertaining the exact distance." Tanganyika itself is thus described:—"Standing on the banks of the lake, it can be seen across, in the same manner as from Zanzibar to the main (which is twenty-four English miles). Several islands were observable in it..... There is a great sea or swell on the lake when the wind blows fresh; and *it is well known by all the people there that the river which goes through Egypt takes its source and origin from the lake.*"

And now the question naturally suggests itself, what forms these lakes? The Nzigé, the Akenyard, the Luckarow and the Little Trinandes, were all of them mere puddles, Captain Speke says, in comparison with the Great Victoria Nyanza; whence then originate their waters? Let Captain Speke himself reply:—

"It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie encircling the northern end and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than 238 days out of the year were more or less wet days. Mashondé, in the upper portion of Uganda, is the first place where, in this second expedition, I obtained a view of the Victoria Lake. \* \* In a southerly direction the Woganda boatmen go as far as the island of Ukerewé, which I saw on my first journey to Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake; and to the eastward beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake in quest of salt, possibly the Baringo of Dr. Krapf, which he, from information gained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands on it, which reasoning I deduce from the fact, that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyanza; yet not belonging to it, when further pressed upon the subject. The Great Nyanza waters were purely fresh and sweet. They (the Arabs), like Dr. Krapf, merely narrated what they heard. As salt islands were visited by the natives in search of that mineral, the surrounding waters naturally were considered salt by them, deprived as they were of its connecting links, which included the whole area of ground under consideration within the limits of the drainage system of the Nile. The Arabs, who it is now very clear had heard of everything in connexion with the science of philosophical geography, were

“ enabled to connect what they had gleaned in detached frag-  
 “ ments from it. Dr. Krapf further tells us of a river tending  
 “ from the river Newey by Mount Kenia towards the Nile. If  
 “ such is the case, it must be a feeder to the Baringa, whose waters  
 “ pass off by the Asua River into the Nile, for the whole country  
 “ immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said  
 “ by the Arabs, who have traversed it for ivory, to be covered  
 “ with low rolling hills, intersected only by simple streaks and  
 “ nullahs from this point in Muanza to the side streak, which is  
 “ situated on the Equator, on the northern boundary of the  
 “ Victoria Nyanza. Turning now again to Mashondé, and pro-  
 “ ceeding north along the boundary coast of Nyanza to the valley  
 “ of Katongo, which, from its position on the lake, is constantly  
 “ in view, *the land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sand-*  
 “ *stone hills, streaked down by small streams,—the effect of con-*  
 “ *stant rains—grown all over by gigantic grass, except where the*  
 “ numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on  
 “ the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue  
 “ gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of  
 “ the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw  
 “ in the case of the Uzige lake ; and the moorlands immediately  
 “ surrounding, are covered with a network of large rush drains,  
 “ with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, even  
 “ counting at one period a much fuller stream than at the  
 “ present day, when the old bed was on the present surface of  
 “ the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists.  
 “ The mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is  
 “ Africa. Crossing over the Equator, altogether the conforma-  
 “ tion of the land appeared much the same, but increased in  
 “ beauty ; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly  
 “ showing where in the north slope of Africa one stream, the  
 “ Mworango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake,  
 “ flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Unioro,  
 “ where its name is changed to Kari. Far on another stream,  
 “ the Luajere followed its example, and then still further on,  
 “ from the centre of the coast of the Nyanza, issued the parent  
 “ of the Nile.”

The Mountains of the Moon have been long looked to as the  
 probable feeders of the Nile ; but whether they were crowned with  
 snow or bred these feeders within their clefts and gorges, ever has  
 been and continues a matter of grave debate ; an interesting pas-  
 sage in the narration of a journey to Jagga, by the Rev. J. Rebmann,  
 Church Missionary, in which he states, that on the 9th of May,  
 1848, he saw in south latitude 4°, east longitude 46°, *a snow*  
*mountain*, not less than 16,000 feet high, has been called in



question by European men of science, though subsequently corroborated by Dr. Krapf. Mr. Rebmann says :—

The mountains of Jagga gradually rose more distinctly to our sight. At about ten o'clock (I had no watch with me) I observed something remarkably white on the top of a high mountain, and first supposed that it was a very white cloud, in which supposition my guide also confirmed me ; but having gone a few paces more, I could no longer rest satisfied with that explanation ; and while I was asking my guide a second time whether that white thing was indeed a cloud, and scarcely listening to his answer that yonder was a cloud, but what that white was he did not know, but supposed it was *coldness*, the most delightful recognition took place in my mind of an old well-known European guest called *snow*. All the strange stories we had so often heard about the gold and silver mountain Kilimanjaro, in Jagga, supposed to be inaccessible on account of evil spirits, which had killed a great many of those who had attempted to ascend it, were now at once rendered intelligible to me, as of course the extreme cold, to which the poor natives are perfect strangers, would soon chill and kill the half-naked visitors.

Referring to this passage, Mr. Cooley, in his "Inner Africa laid Open," treats this statement of Mr. Rebmann respecting snow seen by him on the summit of Kilimanjaro, "as a most delightful "mental recognition only, not supported by the evidence of his "stories," and sneers at the whole story as a fireside tale. Mr. Cooley's judgment does not pass for much worth ; he broadly contradicted Dr. Livingstone's statement of the union of the river Zuamly with the Zambesi ; on the contrary, there are the express testimonies of travellers like Krapf and Rebmann to the fact, that from the heights of Kilimanjaro issue twenty rivers—a strong confirmation of the belief that the heights of the mountain are the regions of perennial snow—a fact, as Dr. Krapf has said, not more difficult to believe of equatorial Africa than of equatorial America. Captain Speke indeed does not mention snow in the Mountains of the Moon. Nor is it implied that snow is the cause of the inundation of the Nile, but that it is the chief sustaining source of that river, keeping it fresh throughout the year. Captain Speke appears to agree with this view, when he states that the water of the lake Nyanza is fresh and sweet. Africa, the region of all wild and romantic ideas, opens up anew such worlds in these new discoveries. The Mountains of the Moon seem inseparable from the Nyam-nyam, and other monsters with which fancy has peopled them. Shakspeare makes the African traveller, Othello, speak of

"Hills whose heads touch heaven."

"The poets eye," as Dr. Beke has said, "saw Kilimanjaro, Kenia, and other Mountains of the Moon, towering into the region of perpetual snow.

"And of the cannibals that each other eat ;  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

This is a very fair description of the human features usually associated with this region ; but upon these human features we cannot dwell. The shores of the Nyanza seem to be inhabited by savage races, or wild pastoral people, with whom the Arabs traffic for ivory. Indeed the human characteristics vary, through many degrees of greater or lesser savageness. The traveller, if he find the solitude of the lower Nile, will not expect to find here the charm of those old-world associations. Here he will recede from Europe ; into the desert, to the forest but he leaves far behind the forms of guardian sphinxes, and columns, and temples, and tombs on the Nile, and the inexpressible charm of the moonlit waters of Egypt ; pyramids silvered by the moonlight ; the distant lights gleaming faintly among scarcely seen minarets, and the dark palms and broken ridges of Arabian Hills ; from all associations with the civilization of the old world, the reader may transport his mind to a state of society yet more primitive. We read of one king who rejoices in 3000 or 4000 wives, and kills a man every morning, and of another who takes pleasure in fattening his wives and children, so that they cannot walk ; others who dwell together in perfect nudity, and altogether round the source of the Nile, a race of people whose civilization and religion is, as has been said, nothing to brag of.

Thus another important discovery affects the future destiny of Africa ; from many various causes it is now attracting interest and observation ; we wonder as we read, if kingdoms are again to line the banks of the mighty river, if yet again over that great continent are to be spread the treasures of the new civilization ; if all these discoveries are to be turned to account. Africa has been through all ages the region of mystery, of priestcraft, and of impassable barriers ; these all, one after the other, seem to be breaking down. Every way it has changed ; and those who notice how remarkably the coincidences of Scriptural prophecy harmonize with the changes of nature, remind us of the important geological change, which has in the course of centuries raised the country near the head of the gulf of Suez, and depressed that on the northern side of the isthmus. Since the Christian era, the head of the gulf has retired southwards, as prophesied by Isaiah, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the

tongue of the Egyptian sea," "the waters shall fail from the sea;" thus it was prophesied the people may pass over dry-shod. In the same way the difficulties and barriers to communication seem vanishing, and the resolution of the mystery of the Nile must be regarded as one of these. Africa was long, as has often been said, misunderstood, and unknown; it is now demonstrated that she possesses fertile and genial regions, large rivers and lakes, and an immense population. We may fervently hope and pray that, by these advantages she may be enabled to contribute to her own future civilization, and to the world's common stock of wealth and happiness.

## V.

## "WRITERS QUITE LIKE GENTLEMEN."\*

THE *Saturday Review* often amuses us if it never does anything else; indeed, when in turning to its pugilistic pages, instruction, edification, or in any other sense of the word, *information*, are the last things any mortal would expect to obtain from it. It cultivates the striking and audacious view of all things, so we say it amuses us, as we have before said. Our friend the Rev. Tom Sayers, M.A. Oxon., in boxing attitude before a pier glass, with the consciousness that he is hitting nobody, that he is exciting some little attention, and that there are some persons willing even to pay sixpence a-week, to be amused and excited by his attitudes. Such is our estimate of the benefits derived from this wholly unprincipled *feuilleton*. We have long thought that should Mr. Thackeray retouch, and add, to his book of snobs, the *Saturday Review* snob should certainly receive the honour of a place. The *Saturday Reviewer* is a true snob, he is a creature who narrows the world to his *set*, and in an article upon John Foster, in the number referred to beneath, we were shocked to find recorded the opinion of such "a fine puss gentleman," that while John Foster "had the habit of thinking for himself, his thoughts were neither elegant nor complete." Perhaps these are seldom the characteristics of great thinkers, rather of neat and pretty thinkers; but what excited a thrill of sadness was, to learn from so fine and able a

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\* *Saturday Review*, June 27th, 1863.



critic, that "these defects of his style and mind were those to which *Dissenters* are almost invariably prone; whatever may be their learning or piety, they *hardly ever write quite like gentlemen!*" In this sentence, "Priscian is a little scratched," and 'hardly' is a bad word; but let that pass, the thing affected us. Further on we are told, that Dissenters in their literary performances are guilty of a want of ease, betraying itself by an "affectation" of it. "This is often the case with Foster." Much we suspect the critic knows about Foster, certainly neither ease, nor the affectation of it, were the marks of that robust and sturdy intelligence. Well, John Foster is a shade, and he may shift for himself, and it is some consolation to know that his reputation is enough established to look after itself. But that such a charge should be brought against the Nonconformist body in the world of letters, is too dreadful, and must be attended to.

This is not, however, the only thing which has shocked us. Criticising a scheme set on foot by a Nonconformist, for the presentation of a Bible and reading-desk to the Prince and Princess of Wales, by the Sabbath-school children of England, and referring to the application made and responded to, by General Knollys, for the sanction of the Prince to the presentation, the Saturday Reviewer says, "Of course the letter was sent to the wrong person. People of this sort instinctively make mistakes in such matters, and seem to think it rather a mark of spirituality than otherwise, to know nothing of the ordinary rules that are known and observed by everybody else." Nay, the whole scheme is characterised as "a piece of bad manners, quite up to the level of the average Dissenting understanding," said, in the article, "to sit under brother Stiggins, at the Brick Lane Zoar." Another paragraph informs us, that "The *Nonconformists* have failed to attach to themselves the class of gentlemen and scholars; not because they are unendowed, but because they are *underbred and undertaught*. No other church in the world, however endowed, has really attached to itself the higher ranks of society, as the Church of England."

"*Underbred! and undertaught!*" Alarmed and terrified for our character's sake, we ask, is it so? Can it be so? Oh would that, in condescension to ignorance so deplorable, Saturday Reviewers would prepare some *vade mecum* of good breeding for Nonconformists! Saturday Reviewers are courtly people, accustomed to the ways and usages of the highest life and society; at least they do more than imply this; they so constantly assert their acquaintance with the arts and airs of good breeding. To such airs and arts Nonconformists cannot make

pretension, yet, in a state of society like this, when more than ever "the Kibe of the peasant touches the heel of the courtier," would these gentlemen but inform us how to *do it*. How gratefully should we receive from lips, so learned in the art, suggestions and rules, for they have evidently not only good breeding, but so much of it, that it produces confidence. They are able to *boast* themselves adepts in the art. They could not make a slip in a drawing-room, far less in a post-office; these are they, able to shine at the dinner-table or in the world of letters. The Peirisk, or Admirable Crichtons, learned in all the art and mystery of a smirk or a bow; perhaps in the erudition of a scent, or a pomade. Amazing creatures, fitted to shine themselves, and to be the lawgivers and dictators of the order of tinfoil, tinsel, and carbrughes to others. George IV. was the first gentleman in England, and in Europe of his day. Mr. Thackeray has attempted to pull off the padding to find the gentleman; if we were to pull off the padding from the two fine gentlemen Saturday Reviewers, we fancy we might find a like disappointing spectacle.

Ourselves, cut off from the circles in which the Saturday Reviewers move "quite like gentlemen;" we have been disposed to inquire, what are the canons by which these new Chesterfields would test the moral fitness of those who would shine in the circle, and we find some very remarkable and noteworthy distinctions; manners are morals, (*mores*), it has often been said. The *Saturday Review* has expressed itself very copiously upon these subjects, so that it would be quite possible to make out from its pages, quite a code of the attributes of those who are "quite like gentlemen." Swearing, for instance, has been often supposed to be a gentlemanly and Norman attribute. Our Reviewers quote Cloten, "When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any by-stander to curtail his oaths;" and admit that "although Cloten was a queen's son, he was not quite a gentleman." But they put in a plea for the good old hearty English oath; how beautiful is the following, disclaimed, however, as an apology:—

A good deal more might be said on this subject of swearing. In itself, as the authorities we have quoted show, *cursing and swearing are not necessarily signs of a bad heart*. The Bible—in this, as in other matters, so true to human nature—*speaks of an Apostle as cursing and swearing; but he was the warm-hearted, impetuous, zealous, but also most generous Peter*. And it often happens that a very choice and redundant swearer is also one of almost feminine susceptibilities and a man of the largest charities, and daily practising the truest kindnesses. In such instances, swearing is simply grotesque and ludicrous; it defeats

itself; the man's character is in such absurd antithesis to his coarse opulence in invective, that he swears to no purpose at all. He relieves himself, but he neither hurts nor terrifies the object of his simulated fury; and only gets laughed at by the victims whom he pretends to scorch with the lava flood of vituperation. He crackles and sparkles and fizzes, but he burns nothing but his own mouth. Swearing is very often only this. Real vindictive passion and settled malignancy does not ask to be relieved.

Toad that under coldest stone,  
Days and nights has thirty-one,  
Swallowing venom, sleeping got,

broods over its malice and in silence? \*

Another characteristic of the writer, "quite like a gentleman," is love for the ring—the prize-ring. The efforts made by the *Saturday Reviewers*, to restore this venerable, time-honoured, and too much neglected and forgotten institution, to our land, will be very fresh in the memory of our readers. They pronounced over the grave of lamented Gully, that noble and honoured man, who, bred a butcher, rose through the successive professions of prize-fighter, publican, professional better, winner of great races, and country gentleman, and member of Parliament, such a eulogy as no Nonconformist minister or parvenu cotton-spinner need ever hope to receive.

His judgment in racing matters excited among one class of observers as much admiration as his prowess as a boxer did among another. There is yet another and larger class which will admire him for those social triumphs for which newly-acquired wealth so often strives in vain. In exciting this sort of emulation, Mr. Gully's history will do unmixed good. All competitors cannot win either prize-fights or races, and the great majority would do far better not to try to win them. But every man, however mean in origin or calling, may learn from the example of the fighting butcher Gully how to make himself tolerable company for gentlemen.

From the career of Mr. Gully we may turn to the consideration of his character. The most inveterate enemy of the prize-ring and the turf must admit that this man was of a quality to attain eminence in any sphere of life, and to adorn it. Some of the combinations which we find in Mr. Gully are easy and ordinary, but the difficulty and wonder would be to find them all in anybody else. We hear of prize-fighters who become publicans, of publicans who operate largely upon the turf, and of winners of great races who have seats in Parliament; but Mr. Gully is the only example of the united characters of prize-fighter, publican, book-maker, owner of race-horses, legislator, and, above all, gentleman. In every path of life in which he walked,

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\* *Saturday Review*, January 24th, 1863.



Mr. Gully has left a name of which his followers will be proud, and a pattern which they would do well to imitate.

It is not only prize-fighters who will contemplate with pride and admiration the upward course of Gully's progress, but also every keeper of a bar, and every maker of a book upon a horse-race, will count the member for Pontefract and the owner of Pyrrhus the First and Andover as having ornamented the fraternities to which they respectively belong.\*

And there is a great deal more of the same sort ; and with what gusto and unction the Reviewer, in an earlier number, dilates upon the great battle between Mace and King—illustrious pair, “they have fought a very creditable battle, and if they are “quiet, well-conducted men, they are sure to derive benefit “from the awakening perceptions in society of the advantages of “pugilism.” The current of opinion has been setting-in in their “favour for some time, and it will gain strength from the “prevalence of garotting.”

That Mace should have been able to come up to time at all is a great example of what may be done by pluck and training ; and, on the other hand, King deserves high praise for having derived from his previous defeat the knowledge which now gave him victory. The old comparison between the prize-ring and the battle-field of life may be once more repeated ; for there are not many competitors in any kind of contest who might not take a lesson of resolution and perseverance from the boxer King.

The blow which knocked Mace off his legs was compared by some of the spectators to a shot from an Armstrong gun. Perhaps this comparison was suggested by the scene of the engagement, which was one of those same dreary Essex marshes amid which long-range cannon may be fired without injury to life or property. We cannot help thinking that, where there is room for experiments with rifled guns and iron-plated targets, a few square yards of turf may well be spared for testing the powers of penetration and resistance of the human fist and cheek. Surely the police have plenty to do in looking after garotters, and might venture to leave the prize-fighters to themselves. It is rather hard upon the patrons of this sport, that they must sit up all night and steal like malefactors, amid the fog of early morning, to an out-of-the-way spot, where it is only just possible that the police may be an hour or two behind them. If the art of self-defence is of any value, we must allow it to be sustained at the highest point of excellence by the means which experience shows to be best adapted for that purpose. In every art the most practical test is the most reliable. As English horse-breeding would be without the Derby, so would English boxing be without an occasional fight for the Championship.

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\* *Saturday Review*, March 21st, 1863.

If our readers have ever had any doubt as to the Saturday Reviewers' notion of what constitutes a gentleman, they will now be in some degree enlightened; perhaps may arrive mournfully at the conviction, that what they would regard as quite like a gentleman, John Foster and kindred Nonconformists might perhaps regard as 'quite like a blackguard.' Prize-rings and race-courses, and other such kindred scenes of the Reviewers' admiring and ripely discriminating criticism, have not been usually supposed to be very conducive to the culture of the gentleman. There is, however, another charming trait of the gentleman, a constantly manifested disposition, and determination, to mock and sneer at all and every kind of religion, and every kind of benevolent goodwill. Benevolent women in England are ridiculed as "active benevolent busy-bodies, broth brewers." \*

"The writers Quite like gentlemen," in a singular article,† have another old-world sentiment to guide their pen along their page, an utter scorn of the middle classes, and their opinions, "treaties, international law, strategy, military force, vested rights, the chances of general war, and the balance of political parties are the little things of which middle-class opinion seems to take little heed." And middle-class opinion is ignorant, impatient, has little weight in determining special and complicated questions of current politics; "it is incapable of "appreciating" questions and arguments, "nor will it attend to facts." The middle-class opinion is "the opinion of shopmen and artisans," and this opinion is arrayed against that of educated men. There is no paper or periodical published which does more than the *Saturday Review* to perpetuate the miserable ignorant caste feeling, the arraying of class against class. Snobbishness is far too innocent a word, for snobbishness is not malicious, it is simple, stupid, ox-like ignorance; but our Saturday Reviewers mean more than this, they mean mischief—they have the exclusiveness of the snob, with the malice of the partisan. Hence to them, "Mr. Bright and Mr. Somes are very fair imitations of tyranny, they have all the raw material for it. The one in his injustice towards property, and the other in his insolent attitude towards the working man's home life." Every effort for the amelioration of human condition in its turn meets from the writers, "quite like gentlemen," sneers and scoffs; whilst Spinoza is honoured as having once for all rationalized the Bible.

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\* November 1st, 1862.

† January 31st, 1863.

Nothing has more sorely grieved and irritated the "writers quite like gentlemen," than the damages found against them for their flagrant libel on Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *British Standard*. It was a warning to all mendacious liars through the press, to put a restraint upon a too fervid imagination, and too licentious a display of malevolence. The will of the creatures is, however, good for any amount of mischief; and a recent article on Madagascar illustrates this; when it is remembered that the beloved and venerable William Ellis, was in the immediate neighbourhood of the circumstances of the death of the King Radama, as the representative of the London Missionary Society—"The Puritan party" of the following paragraph. He is well known as the husband of Mrs. Ellis, the authoress of "The Voice from the Vintage," and as having himself, we believe, given in his name as a teetotaler, and as having several times spoken on peace platforms. The intention of the following vile passage is very evident and luminous; the fear of a more bitter vengeance than that of *Campbell v. Spottiswoode*, weakened their ink with a few drops of cowardice, or rather gave a behind-the-back kind of character to the article.

Though the revolution was in no sense religious, there is a curious moral and philanthropic tinge about it. If one might judge of it by its results, one would say that it had been got up by philanthropists of a type with which we are familiar enough here, who do not mind how much bloodshed they encourage, or how many crimes they cause, so long as they can thereby strike a blow at the one particular sin against which they are at the moment raging. According to the accounts we have received, this bloody insurrection, inaugurated by the massacre of thirty of the most distinguished persons in the State, was provoked by a decree of the King's permitting private duels. Some of our own Peace party must surely have got into Madagascar. There can hardly be any other section of men whose horror of bloodshed induces them to demand a massacre. But not only are the Malagasi blessed by the possession of a Peace party, but they seem to enjoy a Puritan party too; for it appears that one of the crimes that were alleged against King Radama and his favourites was that they were accustomed to hold revels somewhat too gorgeous in the royal palace. Estimates of morality differ in different countries; but the meaning of the reproaches of an Opposition is best illustrated by their acts when they become a Ministry. The first political measure of the new Ministry, as soon as they had hanged their predecessors and strangled their master, was to impose their terms upon the new Queen, whom they elevated by force to the throne. Their terms were very simple. She was to become a teetotaler. But it nowhere appears that they were willing to subject themselves to the same deprivation. In fact, they were only anxious to close the public-house for her, but not for themselves. If Mr. Somes himself had been in Madagascar, he could not have put the Puritan



notion of discouraging drunkenness with more faultless accuracy. There must be something in the French theory that these disturbances have been brought about by English agency. A Peace Party making war to propagate their views, and a Temperance party whose only idea of fostering sobriety consists in forcing it upon others while they themselves are free, form a combination of moral phenomena which only an English inconsequence of thought could produce.

We have made these remarks upon the escapades of spleen in this contemporary, because they are the indications of a temper which has manifested itself of late too much in our periodical literature: a snobbish and sham aristocratical smartness, arising from that ignorance so peculiarly the characteristic of the *Saturday Reviewers*; that incapacity for seeing anything in any other than a straight line, inability to take in any contingencies, either on the right hand or left, contempt for all that belongs to vulgar manufacturers, shopkeepers or artisans. In the *Saturday Reviewers*, there is reason to think, that this is the affectation of a society to which they do not belong. They protest too much; they belong to that order of people who would abuse a lord that they might say they had the honour once to speak with him. They cultivate the insolent style of writing, because it shows the assertion of a social condition and status. This is exactly the point on which we are at issue with the gentlemen of the *Saturday Review*. We believe that it is possible—even despite the example and repeatedly reiterated assertion of these people—to be both a Church-of-England man and a reviewer, and a gentleman; it is not necessary to the completion of the literary and religious character, that a man should be a blackguard and blasphemer, or even a liar; it is not necessary, although, of course, the cultivation of the strong style of writing, especially in antagonism, leads to all these vices. A short time since, the fine style was the vice of reviewers. The *Saturday Review*, with a good deal of pretension, has created the rage for the pugilistic style, the object being always to show, that upon all subjects it is the best informed creature in the universe; its office, the office for the latest intelligence from every possible and impossible and inconceivable kingdom. The *Saturday Review* is a kind of more serious, and therefore more comic *Punch*. Every object is treated and greeted by it, with a grin; it also has a stick, with which it lays about in an altogether indifferent kind of way, treating all things with a howl or a sneer.

Richard Baxter "is to be had in reverence, because he was "constantly writing pamphlets for nearly sixty years;" that is the *Saturday Reviewers'* estimate of the author of the "Saints'

Everlasting Rest" and the Pastor of Kidderminster—the clear metaphysician, the rapt and hallowed preacher, the heroic man who dared to beard Cromwell in his pride of success, to remonstrate with Charles II. in his career of lechery and villany. John Foster is said to have been "pottering over his essay on the Improvement of Time forty years"—a falsehood that, to be sure—but still all the better an illustration of the method of the reviewers. The *Saturday Reviewers* have a word of mockery for all people, and for all belief, and for all believers. Hymns are as much in its way as the prize-rings. Montgomery's "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," is a naked bit of logical prose. Even Baptist Noel and Newman Hall come in for characterization as "howling dissenting ministers," and the voice of "braying Exeter Hall."

In the suggestion for presenting the Bible to the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the matter of suitable texts for the inscription, occur the following remarks:—

We do not venture to make suggestions of our own in presence of so distinguished an operator; but we cannot help thinking that, if the centre one could be made to bring out in somewhat striking relief Solomon's notion of "braying a fool in a mortar"—introducing a likeness of the projector of the scheme in its proper place—the device would be uncommonly appropriate.

A curious characteristic of these writers "quite like gentlemen" is the left-handed knowledge they evince of the Scriptures. In this department of letters we must naturally take what we can get, and be thankful for small mercies; here is a singular illustration of this:

We once heard a preacher exhort his congregation to "labour diligently in the field of the word, and dig thereout the pearl of great price;" and, adhering to the popular prejudice that pearls come out of oysters, we irreverently thought him a puzzle-headed fellow for his pains. We had no notion until now that the "hidden treasure" is a pearl, after all, that pearls really do grow in fields, and that the operation he recommended is not so silly as we fancied.

Is not this the most affecting innocence—this able writer or editor shows that he has no more notion of the treasure hid in Africa, or the meaning of our Lord, or even the very words of the parable, than a six-months' old Hottentot or Esquimaux baby.

But, if the *Saturday Review* gives indignation and abuse to the Nonconformists, it gives contempt to its own clergy. What a picture of clerical life we have in the paper on the "Clerical Mind;" and it tells us that "the Church is the surest and best "refuge of poor gentlefolk in England, and it is also the haven

"into which gentle and inoffensive youths are taught to steer "their unpretending barks!" It cannot be expected that any large proportion of the intellect of the country should find its way into the ranks of the clergy.

We ought, if we want to estimate the clergy fairly, to look at the lives they are obliged to lead. Five-sixths of their time, and very often a much larger proportion, is spent in the company of women. Clergymen are, whether they like it or not, obliged to be always "keeping company" with modified intensity, but on a very large scale. The men, if there are any in the parish, either go away to their business or their pleasure; or, if they stay at home, are not ordinarily inclined to occupy themselves much with the details of parochial work. But the women are always at hand, and are always ready to help the clergyman.\*

No periodical laughs so lustily at "clerical cripples," and none is so disposed to sneer at any great amount of faith. It believes that a "man's position and interest has a real effect on his belief." And it tells with gusto, the old story of the Kentish clergyman, who would not read the Athanasian Creed: "The Archbishop can afford to believe it, he believes it at the rate of three thousand a-year, I only at the rate of fifty pounds."

Mr. Spurgeon is constantly treated in this way, though evidently the 'howl' of annoyance preponderates in this instance over the sneer. He is greeted so often that we are quite certain he must be found a good paying card to these unprincipled adventurers and pressgang of letters. Sometimes, and often, in addition to personal vehemence and abuse, they descend to that kind of description conveyed in a forcible vividness of letters, usually understood to be the most emphatic negative of which the English language is capable. The mood in which it disposes of the St. George's-in-the-East riots, against the haberdashery and upholstery work of Byran King, is very characteristic; all the revolvers against that flagrant violation of everything included in the idea of Church-of-Englandism and Protestantism, were summarily disposed of as thieves and brothel-keepers, "It was," says this candid reviewer, "as in some "foreign countries, where a brigand cuts your throat after "invoking the Virgin, where the very Lupanaria are "furnished with religious pictures, and the appliances of "faith."\* These are illustrations of the temper and tone of speech and thought of these people, who pride themselves that they, at any rate, write "quite like gentlemen." After all, it is not uninteresting to run the eye over the pages of this weekly

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\* *Saturday Review*, March 7, 1863.



tariff of profligacy. There is a clever way of presenting inverted views of things, which does sometimes help towards the appreciation and apprehension of them as a whole; the thing which sullies every opinion and expression is insolence, whoever these writers speak to with any sense of differing, they gather their coat tails under their arms and turn their back upon. We have often said, it is a very nasty paper and our abomination; but the last thing in the world we could have expected from these

“Men replete with mocks  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which they on all estates will execute——”

would have been the claiming the power of writing quite like gentlemen. “Ignorance is bliss,” while they suppose themselves quite like gentlemen, multitudes, even those who condescend to read their lawless lucubrations, find, on the contrary, quite like snobs, or, as our extracts have shown, like creatures even far worse.

## V.

### A HIGH CHURCH BISHOP.†

BISHOP Blomfield was, in his times, an important, influential, and very prominent man; he was much more than this: he was a very high churchman, but he was a good man. We are not inclined to put a higher estimate upon Bishops than upon the influential ministers of far more humble and unpretentious denominations. The apron and the lawn do not overawe us much; in general and upon an average, even in their own church, they are not the most able or eminent men. They are usually, if not the worst, far, by many degrees, from the best of preachers; they seldom leave their stamp or anything belonging to their times, either literary, spiritual, or secular—usually chosen because they are safe guides; the theory being, that the most sleepy are the most safe. The *Saturday Review*, of course a competent witness, testifies that “the dignitaries of the Church do little for the dignity of the Church.” Looking through the catalogue

† *A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London, with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney. In two volumes. John Murray.

of the Bishops of our own or of any times, there will be found very few exceptions to this description; it will be possible to find some very distinguished names, but it may be safely said, that, usually, they have been neither remarkable for their scholarship nor piety, for their earnestness nor their influence, for their work for the church, nor for the world.

There are noble exceptions, and Bishop Blomfield deserves to be named as one. The qualities of his mind were not of the highest order, his studies even certainly not those especially useful to a Christian pastor. He had not the most elevated views of spiritual truth. No remarkable insights of religious experience. We are quite certain that as a preacher he would have commanded little attention among us, and his eminence in classical knowledge, however fitting him for a professor or a schoolmaster, would never have compensated for his ignorance in the more important departments of theology, old and new, mental science, and Biblical criticism; in Greek he was a giant; in all other departments his attainments seem to have been of slender stature. All this is true, but he was a good Bishop; he was a hard-working, consistent, and conscientious Bishop. And it was very well for the Church of the Establishment that he was elevated to the bench. His son has written his biography, but partiality cannot invent or disguise facts, certainly not in this instance, and there is every reason to regard the Bishop as an upright, honest, and in some aspects even a noble man; he held the rudder of the Church tightly, and steered safely through very troubled seas. The primates were both very old, weak, and quiet uninfluential men; nor had the bench at all the vigour and faithfulness which characterises it now, and with all our dissidence from many of his personal actions, we can only regard him as an intrepid and faithful follower of his own convictions.

Charles James Blomfield was born May 29th, 1786, at Bury-St.-Edmund's. He was perhaps hardly of the staff for a Palmerston bishop; he was of a respectable, rather than of a 'good' family. His father, James Blomfield, kept a school in Bury, which must have been one of some position, as the late Marquis of Bristol was one of the pupils. He was a contemporary of the future bishop, and this circumstance was not without its influence on his future life; in fact, Blomfield was always in the way of good patrons. From his earliest boyhood, classics seem to have been a passion with him; they were then the surest means for obtaining eminence in the Church; for to the Church he looked from his earliest years as the pathway of his future career. When asked what profession he intended to follow, he

answered, "I mean to be a bishop." Later in life, he attributed the origin of his literary tastes to an old nurse, who used to take him into the fields and tell him stories, and to this person he allowed a pension until her death. In addition to the Marquis of Bristol, whom we have already mentioned, the late Baron Alderson, and the present Lord Cranworth, were among his fellow pupils at Bury. He did not go to Eton, although he was examined and actually admitted as a King's scholar there; his father, not liking what he saw of the place, never sent him. At the age of eighteen, in 1804, he became a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship the following year. Here were several of his old schoolfellows, and they formed a Bury club. He spoke of the kindness with which he was received by the head master, Dr. Mansell, afterwards Bishop of Bristol. Dr. Mansell told him that he would be a father to him; but he never saw anything more of him till the time of his leaving college. In those days undergraduates never met the head master except when, for some delinquency, they were summoned to appear before him in what Hustler, of Trinity, called "the commination room." The commination room was not likely to be visited for discipline by Blomfield. He was a hard student, working sometimes sixteen and eighteen hours a-day; he had no private tutor, but he made the acquaintance, very fortunately, of his fast friend in future life—so remarkably related in their combined retirement—Mr. Maltby, afterwards the Bishop of Durham. The friendship commenced in kindness on the part of Maltby, who saw in Blomfield the promise of future classical eminence, and took him into his house for six weeks, as a pupil without payment, and gave him important advice as to the method of study. At first, in Cambridge, he lodged in the house of a tailor in Trinity street; his rooms were over an archway, and by the rumbling of coaches he was constantly disturbed by night as well as by day. When he was promoted to his rooms in the college, he was able to pursue his studies without interruption; he often observed a light burning very late in the rooms of the undergraduate who lived opposite to him; the light of his unknown neighbour proved quite an inspiration, and source of emulation; he determined not to be outdone in devotion to study; some time after he discovered that his neighbour sat up, not to read, but to play at chess. His industry was remarkable; he was always up in time for early chapel service, which he never missed during his undergraduate life, except when prevented by illness. He began reading at nine; at twelve he allowed himself two hours' recreation, walking, or rowing; dined at two, the college dinner-hour; re-



turned to his books at three, read without intermission till twelve at night, and occasionally till three in the morning. Sometimes he alternated his work, one week sitting up till three, and the next, rising at four. The circle of his friends was small, and characterized, like himself, by the talent for work. Among them was James Henry Monk, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and Frederick Pollock, afterwards the Chief Baron, who testified of him, that while few persons were his equals in the point and liveliness of his talk, and many of his witty and smart sayings were handed about, he was never heard to repeat an expression which, as a bishop, he could wish unsaid. Greek scholarship was at a low ebb when Blomfield began to be known as an editor. A well-known Grecian wrote to him, "There are about ten men in England who really study the minutiae of Greek, and of these ten four or five do not write." Still there were living, Samuel Parr, Charles Burney, and Butler of Shrewsbury. Blomfield soon became marked for his scholarship; and of all places in the world of letters, the first in which he appeared was the *Edinburgh Review*. He was so unfortunate as to bring down upon himself the wrath of Parr, "What?" he exclaimed. "A young man dare to write against Sam Butler! I'll crush him." The old scholar, however, soon became his friend again. Thus the young fellow of Trinity was launched into the turbid sea of classical controversy, and received his due share, as his biographer says, "of the odium philologicum." In 1810, he was ordained deacon and priest by Dr. Mansell, Bishop of Bristol. The warm friend of his father, Lord Bristol, presented him to the living of Quarrington, in Lincolnshire, and he married the same year. In his episcopal life he waged war with the pluralists, but he had been very guilty himself. In 1811, Earl Spencer presented him to the rectory of Dunton, in Buckinghamshire; there he continued to reside till the summer of 1817, retaining the living of Quarrington. His duties in his parish were not very arduous; the number of his parishioners being seventy-two. His clerk was an old woman, between seventy and eighty; she could not read, and when she stole the communion-plate of the church, she took it to the nearest pawnbroker, in ignorance that the name of the parish was engraved in conspicuous letters upon it. The rector, however, did not confine himself to parish duties, his fame as a scholar was widely known, and many noblemen were desirous of placing their sons beneath his care—among them, Earl Spencer, Lords Ashburnham, Colchester, and Lilford, and the Dukes of Beaufort and Buckingham. He was enabled to make his own terms, and raised them from £150 to

£300, and £400 per year. We are pleased to notice in this relation the conscientiousness with which he discharged his duties, and his efforts to cultivate the Christian, as well as the gentleman. To a mother, who thought his principles impressed upon her son were overstrained and strict he wrote :—

....My general notions are, undoubtedly, strict compared with those which are most current in the world, and I lose no opportunity of enforcing and explaining to those under my care the grounds upon which they are built, because I am most intimately convinced, that there is no motive whatever of sufficient power to preserve a young man in those trials which to many are ruinous, and to all that are not fortified, pernicious, except an habitual sense of religious duty. This conviction has arisen not only from what I have read, but from my uniform observation of those of whose principles and practice I have had any means of judging; and with regard to the University, I am sure that no young man can pass through its ordeal unhurt, whose religious principles have not been strengthened and confirmed beforehand. Some may be less incorrect than others in their conduct; but it is impossible to say how far any one may go, who has nothing to restrain him but a vague and indefinite notion of what is *gentlemanly* or respectable, and does not regulate his conduct by the clear and unerring light of religion, and by the broad and conspicuous line which discriminates *right* from *wrong*.

.... I believe that from the constitution of society in modern times, in many cases a regard for appearances, and a consideration for their own interests, with a natural refinement of mind, form among *females* a sort of substitute for religious principles, which, as far as their comfort and character in life are concerned, sufficiently answer their end; but with *men* the case is very different, as you must perceive; and be assured, if you trust to *refinement of mind* to preserve *them* from gross and unreasonable conduct, you will in no instance find it a sufficient safeguard....

He continued his classical and editorial labours, and laid, while at Dunton, the foundation of his theological knowledge. It must have been a satisfaction to him, that not a single Dissenter lived in his parish. In 1813 he was made a magistrate, though, as a bishop, he highly disapproved of the union of ministerial and magisterial authority; he very wisely thought that secular duties would be likely to interfere too much with the spiritual. The farmers long remembered how, through the uneven and badly kept roads, the future bishop rode, equipped in yellow overalls, to protect him from the mud of the Buckinghamshire lanes—a piece of ministerial costume which, as one of our contemporaries observes, “would assuredly have brought any poor curate to grief, had he adopted it in his diocese when the rector “became the bishop.” In 1817, the rector of Dunton was presented by his constant friend, Lord Bristol, to the valuable

benefices of Great and Little Chesterford, at that time in the diocese of London, and Tuddenham in Suffolk. He was also appointed by Bishop Howley, as one of his chaplains, and from that time, till his resignation in 1856 his connexion with the diocese of London was unbroken. In the midst of these advancements, while he was living in the village of Hildersham, his wife died; it was a melancholy commencement of his pastoral life at Chesterford; she was buried there. We admire the practical good sense which characterised the pastoral works of the rector. As we have said, he made no pretensions to extraordinary religious graces, nor was there anything very remarkable in his gifts, but he certainly possessed downrightness, and earnestness, and a plain, manly goodness. The farmers called him "*Mr. Snaptrace*." He visited the poor; and one of them afterwards described him as "a wonderful forgiving gentleman." He superintended the schools, and continued the improvements which had been commenced by the preceding curate of a non-resident rector; the curate was Mr. Davys, now Bishop of Peterborough. He saw that the public-houses were closed in good time at night; he continued his studies, and still received his remunerative pupils. The village of Chesterford lay on the high road between London and Newmarket. The first day of the spring meeting at Newmarket was on Easter Monday, and the Sunday was the great fair day of Chesterford; and while the energetic rector was celebrating service in the parish church his parishioners were at that season breaking over their bounds of usual decorum; he seems to have attempted a change with the influential men of the turf, who were principally responsible for the immorality; crowds from the country around pouring in to see the more aristocratic patrons pass through; the Duke of York was one of these sinners; and the rector induced Bishop Howley to remonstrate with him; the Duke declined to alter his practice; he said, "it was true that he travelled to the races on Sunday, but he always had a Bible and a Prayer-Book in the carriage." Eventually, however, the first day of the races was changed from Monday to Tuesday. Those Chesterford parishioners seem to have been funny folk, if the following anecdote may be taken as an illustrative specimen of their character.

Of his life at Chesterford, Bishop Blomfield used often to relate the following anecdote:—Walking over one Sunday to his duty at Little Chesterford, he found on his arrival that he had forgotten to bring his sermon with him. It was too late to return: so, for the first and only time in his life, he preached *ex tempore*, taking for his text the first verse of the fifty-third Psalm, "The fool hath said in his heart,



there is no God." Being anxious to know how he had seemed to succeed in an unaccustomed effort, he asked one of the congregation on coming out, how he had liked the sermon. "Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; *I think there be a God.*"

The biographer makes a pause in the course of his story to compare the shortcomings of the clergy of the first years of Bishop Blomfield's clerical life with their present position and character, from which we learn that, in 1812, of 10,261 incumbents, 5,840 were non-residents;—the shortcomings of the Church were a scandal to those who wished her well: the clergyman might be a non-resident—a sportsman—a farmer, neglectful of all study—a violent politician—a *bon-vivant*, or a courtier. Bishop Blomfield himself was a wonderful repository of anecdotes, not tending to elevate the clergy of those times in popular estimation;—intoxication was a vice very characteristic of the cloth. On one occasion the Bishop reproved one of his Chester clergy for drunkenness: he replied, "But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty!" "On duty?" exclaimed the Bishop; "when is a clergyman not on duty?" "True," said the other: "I never thought of that!" And he told a story of one clergyman whom he had reprov'd for some irregularities of conduct brought under his notice by the parishioners. He replied, "Your lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts;—the Cretans were liars; the Cappadocians were liars; and I can assure you that the inhabitants of — are liars too!" The Bishop went into a poor man's cottage in one of the valleys in the Lake district, and asked whether his clergyman ever visited him. The poor man replied that he did frequently. The Bishop was expressing his gratification at the spiritual oversight, which led to the discovery, that the reason of the pastor's frequent visits lay in the fact that there were a good many foxes on the hills behind the house. We read strange anecdotes of the way in which men were examined for ordination. The chaplain and son-in-law of Bishop North examined two candidates for Orders in a tent on a cricket-field—he himself being engaged as one of the cricket-players. The chaplain of Bishop Douglas examined whilst shaving. Bishop Porteus we fully honour as an amiable and conscientious prelate, yet when asked by a neighbouring clergyman to preach a charity sermon for him, he replied, "I only give one in a year, and the next year is promised." Even Bishop Watson never resided in his diocese, during an episcopate of thirty-four years. Those who preached seem to have been of no very edifying order of ministers.

Bishop Blomfield used to relate how, in his boyhood, when on one occasion Lord Bristol had given a number of scarlet cloaks to some poor old women, they all appeared at church on the following Sunday resplendent in their new array, the preacher, a clergyman at Bury, pointed to them with a graceful wave of his hand, and applying to them the words of the text, exclaimed, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" This worthy seems to have been capable of such things. On another occasion, a dole of potatoes was distributed by the local authorities, which seemed to the preacher to be an occasion for improvement by a sermon. He chose for his text, Exodus xvi. 15: "And when the children of Israel saw it, they said to one another, 'It is manna!'"—and he warned his hearers, by the example of the Israelites, to beware of taking more than their share. He had a corpulent frame and a pompous manner, and a habit of rolling from side to side in the pulpit, which added to the effect of the oratory in this case. We are glad to learn from the lips of a bishop that such enormities are not confined to the lips and pulpits of illiterate Nonconformists. This was the representative clerical life in the day when Bishop Blomfield commenced his clerical career. Certainly a new and purer, and higher state of things was coming about in the Church of England; and Mr. Blomfield had no inconsiderable share in bringing about the change. Promotion seemed always to present her fair and pleasant form to Mr. Blomfield. In 1820, he received the gift of the living of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, again through the favour of the Marquis of Bristol. The income of this living was something over £2000 a-year. He was allowed to retain Chesterford also with it; this his son tells us, enabled him for the first time in his life, to enjoy a comfortable independence without the work of private tuition. Some £3000 a-year presents rather an exalted conception of a comfortable independence. His new parishioners told him they had always had a "Dr." for their rector, so he proceeded, in July, 1820, to the degree of D.D. For about three months in the year he resided at Chesterford; when absent, his curate sent him a weekly account of the parochial history in the vegetable basket. Some of his Bishopsgate parishioners seem not to have been of a much higher mark than those of Chesterford. One of these was Sir William Rawlins, the city knight, the author of the celebrated *three R's*, and who at a city dinner "hoped to live till the time" (of which he prophesied the approach) "when every man should do right in his own eyes." The new rector made himself very popular with all people, and when an obstinate Quaker refused to take off his hat at a vestry

meeting held in the church, the rector proposed to the meeting a resolution "that the beadle be requested to take off Mr. ——'s hat." This was accordingly done; the Nonconformist saved his conscience and submitted. He was an indefatigable visitor, and remarkable, at this time, for a certain liberality towards Nonconformists, and maintained with his neighbour, Mr. Clayton of the Poultry chapel, very friendly relations. He also, in the parish of Bishopsgate, condescended to the method recommended by the distinguished *Mr. Tozer* of the town of *Carlingford*; it was his plan annually to preach one or more "*coorses*" of lectures. In 1823, he was raised to the archdeaconry of Colchester; still continuing his multifarious occupations, working on his favourite *Æschylus*, contributing articles to the *Quarterly Review*, to the *Museum Criticum*, and the *British Critic*. His letters to his friend Dr. Monk exhibit this marvellous activity.

"I have had on my hands six charity sermons, a course of Lent lectures, an anti-Catholic petition, the management of the tithe question against the citizens of London, a weekly committee at Bartlett's Buildings in consequence of Dr. Gaskin's resignation, two articles in the *British Critic*, &c. &c., all of which I have got through in the last four or five weeks, and am now ready for the *Museum Criticum*, notwithstanding that I have still to write a 'Spital sermon, a sermon for the Magdalene, three more charity sermons, and my visitation charge, all within the next month."

And, again, about a year later—

"I am quite overpowered not only by parochial business, but by matters relating to my Archdeaconry, to the West India bishoprics, affairs at Bartlett's Buildings, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in both of which I am attempting to introduce considerable changes. The Choephori is just finished.... We are all highly delighted with Southey's Book of the Church, which will do a great deal of good, and is really a most interesting work."

Indeed he was a wonderful worker. "He had an eye for everything, and an ear for everybody; he lived in an atmosphere of work, and few of those around him could long withstand the contagion of his example." At a later period, when elevated to the bench, he was the most indefatigable man in the first Ecclesiastical Commission. An influential London clergyman attended one of the meetings of the Commissioners when Bishop Blomfield was not present, and made a vain attempt to have some important business completed. "It is no use," said the Archbishop of York (Vernon Harcourt), "it is no use for you, Mr. ——, to come to us to finish your business, we never do anything more than nib our pens till the Bishop of London comes."



In 1824, Lord Liverpool offered him the Bishopric of Chester, one of the most laborious and worst paid of the dignities of the Church; its income then inferior to the living of Bishops-gate. Lady Spencer thought it possible he might decline the offer, and wrote to him the following rather curious epistle:—

“My dear Doctor,” she writes, “I hope I need not tell you that I trust I shall soon have to shake you by the hand as Bishop of Chester. Don’t be so indiscreet as to refuse it because it is a sadly poor one—remember, it is the step which you must tread on to a richer one. All the old twaddles have dropped—young ones don’t depart so readily; and I am myself so old that I am impatient to see you seated on that bench, where you will be so admirably placed, and so usefully disposed of. If the Metropolitan is translated, which his looks portend, the Bishop of London replaces him; and who so likely as yourself, with all your London knowledge and experience, to be the Bishop of this diocese, if you *are* on the bench—but then you must be, or my plan can’t take place. Seriously, Lord Spencer and I are all on tiptoe to hear of your acceptance; for, though it may be present ruin, yet it will be *soon* future affluence. And why should you not keep your St. Botolph? Indeed, pray, pray give me a line, and pray think, reflect, and ponder with all your powers, before you refuse; for, indeed, I do think it a very different thing to refuse now than it would have been to have refused some time ago. I am so hurried and so bothered with all sorts of perplexities, that I am sure I must have written nonsense and I cannot now read it over to be sure, I have done so. Excuse me, my excellent friend, and take the intention of this note in good part, although it may be so inadequately expressed.

Ever affectionately yours,  
LAV. SPENCER.”

He however accepted, and was consecrated in 1824, by Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, and the Bishops of London and Exeter, in Whitehall Chapel. He was allowed to retain the rectory of St. Botolph, as Lady Spencer told him would be possible. When the news of his promotion reached Bury-St. Edmund’s, one of the boys of the Grammar School, wrote the following epigram:—

“Through Chesterford to Bishops-gate  
Did Blomfield safely wade;  
Then leaving *ford* and *gate* behind,  
He’s *Chester’s Bishop* made!”

The first episcopal effort put forth by Bishop Blomfield, was an attempt to persuade the King to dispense with wigs on the heads of bishops. But George IV. was conservative, and would not permit the discontinuance of the episcopal wig, and in fact, it was not dispensed with until the reign of William IV., when the abolition of the troublesome clerical environment was

brought about by Sir George Sinclair, the intimate friend of William IV. Sir George was staying with the King on a visit at Brighton, when he went up to Fulham Palace to visit Dr. Blomfield, after his elevation to the Bishopric of London. He asked the Bishop whether he could deliver any message from him to the King. The Bishop jocularly replied, "You may present my duty to His Majesty, and say, that at this tropical season, I find my episcopal wig a serious incumbrance, and I could wish that he would not consider me guilty of a breach of court etiquette, if induced to lay it aside." Sir George repeated the message at dinner, for the amusement of the King, who, however, took it up seriously, and replied, "Tell the Bishop, he is not to wear a wig on my account, I dislike it as much he does, and should be glad to see the whole bench wear their own hair." Bishop Blomfield took the hint, other bishops followed his example, and so the wig was discontinued.

The entrance of Dr. Blomfield upon his See of Chester, was characterised by every kind of vigilance. He was not an illiberal man, but he was no friend to the ways of Dissenters; he writes to a clergyman who had grievously offended by attending some dissenting chapel:—

"I never will tolerate any intentional departure from that strict canonical regularity which every clergyman is solemnly pledged and sworn to observe.... With respect to your own case, surely it might have occurred to you, without your having been admonished by others, that the attendance of a clergyman at a conventicle is the most effectual of all methods to persuade the laity that it makes no difference whether they go to the Church or to a conventicle: and even were it true that it does make no difference, yet, since in that case the Church must be in error, the part of a sincere man would be to secede at once from her communion, and not to make her ministry and *privileges the abettors and auxiliaries of Dissenters.*"

Some of his ideas for increasing the prominence of the clergy, do not seem to have been characterized by much wisdom. He writes to a clergyman his fears lest Manchester should be converted into a vast treasure-house of dissent, and expresses his particular wish, that the Manchester Clergy should wear their gowns, and clerical hats, of course, in the streets. He is persuaded, he says, that the more the clergy come forward as clergymen, and keep up the appearance of ministers of the established Church, and distinguish themselves from the rest of the community, the more service they will render to the Church. We find him interdicting collections in churches for the Moravians, and authoritatively putting a check upon sermons for religious societies, and in many ways giving indications of the

High Church Prelate. In 1828, he was translated from the see of Chester to that of London, the most important and onerous of English bishoprics ; and it may with safety be said, that the choice of Dr. Blomfield for that important post, was of great service to the Church of England. The diocese was an enormously increasing one ; but at the period of his elevation there had been no increase of churches or of clergymen ; while the agitation of the Reform Bill, and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the measure for Catholic Emancipation, made it important that the representative of the Establishment should be a man of practical capacity. The Bishop was not a man very likely to be popular with the masses. He had no showy and attractive graces, either of motion or speech. The march of opinion was aided in a very slight degree by him, but he shrewdly anticipated the consequences of measures it would be impossible to postpone ; and he availed himself of all means for turning to good account in his church the inevitable. Thus, if the Test and Corporation Acts were to be repealed and Dissenters relieved from their iniquitous disabilities, he, by the extension of religious and popular education, and the erection of new and free churches and chapels, warded away, what, with the old *régime*, must have resulted in serious evils to the Establishment. In 1830, King George IV. died, and William IV. ascended the throne. Opposite, as many of the Bishop's views were to those which the new King favoured, they seem to have been on good terms with each other, and no doubt the bluff manliness of the Bishop was pleasing to the King. The Bishop was what we should call, perhaps, rather a strict Sabbatarian. When he was invited to a Sunday dinner by William IV., soon after his accession, he explained through Sir Herbert Taylor, that he never dined out on that day. The good-natured King excused him, saying, " Ask him to dinner on Wednesday then." In 1830, he published a letter on the present neglect of the Lord's day, addressed to the inhabitants of London and Westminster, in which he called on the rich and the educated to give up Sunday travelling, and Sunday dinner-parties, *conversazioni*, card-parties, and affectingly spoke of the additional labour imposed on domestic servants by those festivities. He says, what we fear is still more true even now than thirty-three years since.

" In spite of the increased numbers of our churches, in spite of the increased exertions of a jealous and laborious clergy, religion is, we fear, on the wane amongst the poorer classes ; and the surest and the most alarming symptom of this is the profanation of the Sabbath. Surely, then, I am justified in calling, with great earnestness of entreaty, upon those who have it in their power (I do it in the



name of the clergy and of all well-wishers to the cause of true religion), to assist us in stemming the torrent of ungodliness; and to make, by their conduct, a practical declaration of their pious resolution, '*as for me and my house we will serve the Lord.*'"

We are compelled to hasten over those portions of the work before us, of a more anecdotal and domestic interest. We must, however, quote the following:—"As an instance of the "interruptions to which he was obliged to submit from persons "who brought their real or imaginary grievances before him, "the following anecdote may be related. A deputation, headed "by a colonel in the army, waited upon him at London House, "to represent to him the condition of the inmates of lunatic "asylums, and to request him to make provision for their being "regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The Bishop replied "that he did not know whether the clergy would be prepared "to undertake this additional burden; and that, even if they "were, he did not think that the security thus afforded for the "proper treatment of lunatics would be a very great one. 'But,' "rejoined the colonel, 'we would hail with satisfaction *any* "additional security; for I can assure your Lordship that there "is not a single member of this deputation *who has not himself, "at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!*' It "may be imagined that, after this confession, the Bishop was "not a little relieved when the deputation withdrew, and its "members were seen quietly making their way past Norfolk "House into Pall Mall." The Bishop was soon called to take a prominent part in defending the fortresses of his Church. We believe it was in 1834 that Mr. Binney's well-known obnoxious sentence, "that the Established Church is a great national evil, "an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land, "and destroys more souls than it saves," fell upon the ears of the Church like a thunderbolt. Some of us need not be very old to remember what a perfect hurricane of pamphlets and episcopal charges, and archdeaconal visitation sermons, repelled the horrible accusation of Mr. Binney. Indeed, in the year 1862, innumerable clergymen pointed to the sentence, and said, "See, this is the great Nonconformist's description of the Church "of England!" There is small honesty in this. Mr. Binney spoke of a Church as it was thirty years since. In many districts we believe that it still "destroys more souls than it saves;" but the justification of Mr. Binney's sentence is in the volumes before us, in the facts and anecdotes we have quoted from them. John Search might cite Bishop Blomfield now into court to justify the use of the obnoxious description. We are sorry to

see in volumes so temperate as these, such an expression as "rancorous Nonconformists;" and when Mr. Blomfield charges Dissenters with sparing no artifice nor falsehood to prejudice the Establishment in the eyes of the people we will remind him that no artifice nor falsehood, other than is contained in some of his own pages, would be necessary to rouse indignation against the Church as it was even a quarter of a century since. For the removal of much of that gross darkness which covered the people, no doubt, the Establishment is indebted to Bishop Blomfield, and still more to Mr. Binney, for there can be no doubt that the sentence resulted in the taking effectual means to prevent its future—it was impossible to prevent its past—truthfulness. The Bishop soon found himself, however, on a bed of fever in the Establishment, especially when he came to loggerheads with Sydney Smith. It is needless to say, that in a controversy with that worthy, the Bishop would look more like the clergyman, the churchman, and the Christian. All our readers remember the witty clergyman's letters to Archdeacon Singleton, in which he speaks of the living of Edmonton as a parish which the Bishop of London had the greatest desire to divide into little bits; but there is a letter in these volumes from the Bishop to Sydney, in which he applies the *argumentum ad hominem* in a vigorous manner. Sydney says, "When the Church of England is mentioned, it will only mean *Charles James of London*, who will enjoy a greater power than has ever been possessed by any churchman since the days of Laud, and will become the *Church of England here upon earth*. It was a chief aim of the Bishop to meet the spiritual destitution of the metropolis and its neighbourhood by cutting up the larger incomes into sums which would support several workers on the same field, each income averaging some £300 per annum. Sydney Smith wrote copiously on the expediency of abolishing larger bishoprics and cathedral sinecures, from which latter, however, he showed himself not indisposed to become a recipient. The Bishop said, "If you assist me to divide the vicarage of Edmonton, I may perhaps give you a helping hand in the other project; if both of us are not spared all trouble on such subjects." The impression left on Sydney's mind evidently was, that the practical Bishop was not only able to hold his own, but to give pretty strong blows when needed; shortly after the dispute, the Bishop was bitten in the calf of the leg by a dog, and, nervously fearing hydrophobia, went to a surgeon, Mr. Keats, and had the piece cut out before he returned home—he was to have met Sydney Smith at a dinner-party that same evening—just before the dinner, came

the Bishop's note with the account of the calamity, saying, "that the dog flew out of the crowd and bit him in the leg"—it was read aloud to the company, when Sydney exclaimed, "I should like to hear the dog's account of that story!" Dr. Blomfield, however, enjoyed the wit of his old foe, and used to relate with special glee, his saying, when the dean and chapter were discussing the plan of a wooden pavement round the Cathedral, "that they had only to lay their heads together, and the thing would be done at once." They were both wits, but the wit never impairs our estimate of Dr. Blomfield, and we never like to think of Sydney Smith as a clergyman.

The occasional sparrow-shot of wit never turned the good man aside from his great purpose of church building. His own contributions to the work of church building in England were munificent. From 1836 to 1854 he contributed £6,200 to the Metropolis' Churches' Fund; £1000 to the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund; the same for a church in St. James's, Westminster; £2000 for churches in Paddington; £750 to the Bethnal Green Churches' Fund; besides building and endowing a church at a cost of about £7,000, at Hammersmith; and besides his contributions to individual churches, seldom less than £50 to each, and in some cases as much as £200. A truly noble Bishop!

There are other aspects of the Bishop's public career, not susceptible of such unqualified eulogy; yet, regarding him not from our standpoint as Nonconformists, but from a Church of England standpoint, we see little to which we can except. We understand all along that the Bishop was a high-churchman, but he enforced upon his clergy the necessity of preaching and maintaining distinctly the doctrine of the atonement. He was stout in the maintenance of the rubric. His letter to Baptist Noel seems to indicate a by no means superstitious estimate of the Sacrament. There are no indications of sympathy with Rome, or with the Romanising party. Recent circumstances have shown us, that a bishop's power over his clergy is not so great as some are apt to suppose. A Bishop of the Church of England, and especially a Bishop of London, must sometimes seem to be greatly in danger of incurring a charge of trimming, and while we believe that trimming was far enough from the creed or character of Dr. Blomfield, there are many instances which seem paradoxies of conduct. We do not see very well how this is to be avoided in a church which seems to us itself so singular a paradox as the Church of England. He, of course, received the copious virulence of the *Record*, but this is an honour to any man of sense. Looking upon his public life, that newspaper said "that matters were so arranged after the usual policy of



“the Bishop of London that there should be no triumph for the “cause of Protestant education;” and spoke of “his modified “Puseyism as being more dangerous and specious than the “other, and nearly as much removed from the truth and simplicity of the Gospel, it is a mere deception to imagine or “set forth that it is the very Gospel of Jesus Christ, which converts the heart, and saves the soul.” Into the minutiae of the Bishop’s creed, and his important relationship to Tractarianism, and the Popish aggressions in the Church of England, we have no space to enter, nor are we much disposed to analyse the points in his character from which we dissent. On the whole, we believe he opposed his pastoral staff to Tractarian innovations. Nor, perhaps, would a bishop, moulded after the more Puritan and Calvinistic order of theology, have effected so much for neutralizing the influence of these dangerous men; and it must be remembered, that if the Bishop of London was himself a high churchman, to him, to a very large degree, the low church in his diocese owes its existence and power, by the creation of innumerable incumbencies and endowed churches. The following letter to some rector, showing to him that it was unjustifiable to refuse parish allotments to Dissenters, we venture to think puts the character of the Bishop in a very favourable light.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I am far from disputing the position that Dissenters can have no claim to any benefit from that which is the property of the Church; nor do I question the propriety of withholding from them the favour which you grant to members of the Church: but that which is in principle right, may be so done as to become wrong; and this seems to me to have been the case with your proceedings respecting the allotments. You appear not to have made any allowance for the peculiar circumstances of the parish, the inhabitants of which had been for forty years so grievously neglected, that it is a wonder they were not *all* confirmed Dissenters. Looking to this, and to their want of knowledge, it was obviously a case which required to be treated with a gentle hand—one in which the people were to be led rather than driven back into the pasture, which they had quitted for lack of food? nor do I doubt, from what had been effected in that way during ——’s short incumbency, that, in the course of a few years, Dissent would have been nearly, if not quite, extinguished in that parish. I am very much mistaken (I hope I may be) if you have not given it vigour and perpetuity....

“....My conviction is, that the effect of your requiring ‘a written promise of never again entering a meeting-house’ (which I, if I had been one of them, would never have signed), has been to take from nineteen or twenty families, many of them good Church-people, a great part of their means of subsistence in a wretchedly poor district, and to deprive yourself of a powerful means of correcting evil-doers and rewarding honest industry. The Dissenting Sunday-school had entirely

ceased. It is now revived and flourishing. Your requiring a written promise was plainly an affront to the conscientious Churchmen, and a trap to the thoughtless and ignorant. What you should aim at is, not to make men promise to come to Church, but to convince them of the duty of doing so...."

He was called the Peel of the Church; and he had that pliability which gave to him, "a readiness to sacrifice everything "except principle." He introduced, or, at any rate, insisted upon, order in the Church system. He thought that the ministers of the Church ought to save the service always from the imputation of dulness, and this without intoning it. With reference to the intoning and the procession in the Church, he did not always speak with sufficient distinctness; but he almost created the colonial episcopal system. Indeed, he was always setting things in order, and it frequently happened that the things to be set in order were beyond his power of arrangement. He never sank to the drivelling, miserable ecclesiastical folly of a Philpotts, but sometimes he seems to verge to this. Then we are called away from that aspect by his strong practical common sense; he was a man to plant or to defend outposts, not to reform details.

We have here presented our readers with some notice of a book, which some may suppose not altogether in our way; in truth, to look at and to hold up to respect, a good and admirable man should never be out of anybody's way. To imitate a bishop, and a Bishop of London, can never be very possible to a humble Dissenting Curate; but to do that which the hand findeth to do, and to do it with all our might, is as possible to every man as to Dr. Blomfield. One or two points in his life are most noteworthy. We find he began life with a determination to give, if possible, one-fifth of his annual income in charity; this, he thought no more than should be expected from a clergyman in easy circumstances, although, for others, ten per cent. might be enough. As he became rich, he exceeded his own liberal rule, and gave away a third of his income for charitable purposes. During his tenure of the See of London we find that he gave away not much less than £150,000. Writing to a clergyman, in 1851, he says:—

"I have directed my banker to pay my promised subscription to Messrs. ——. I could not do so before, for I really had no money to pay. Large as my income is, my subscriptions to different religious and charitable objects not unfrequently exceed my means of meeting them at the moment; and I am at this time pledged to the amount of several thousand pounds, which I shall not have it in my power to pay, unless it should please God to spare me two or three years longer."

It is a pleasing instance also in his character, that he was scrupulous about being in debt, or making tradesmen wait for their money. Of his liberality an amusing instance is given. As the Dean of the Chapel Royal, he busied himself in improving the choir of the chapel in St. James's Palace, and frequently, when in London, attended service there. Finding, when he had been some years Bishop of London, that the officers of the chapel were very inadequately paid, he offered to the Home Secretary to resign his salary of £200 a-year, attached to the office of Dean, on condition that it should be applied to the augmenting of their stipends. The offer was eagerly accepted; to this day the condition never fulfilled. The Bishop died, as has been truly said, magnificently poor, and none of his sons seem to have reaped any benefit of a pecuniary nature from their father's dignified position. The volumes to which we have referred are full of interest, not only as illustrating the life and career of a remarkable man, but as relating the story of the Church of England at a very remarkable period of her history. On the elevation of Dr. Blomfield to the Bishopric of Chester, Dr. Parr addressed a letter to him commencing "*Dear, learned, and truly respectable Dr. Blomfield.*" The reading of these volumes has almost created and quite confirmed in our own minds the justice of the somewhat eccentric superscription. We have said before that he made no pretensions to the highest order of piety; his was not an irrational nature; his religion was of an ordinary, but of a manly and upright character. Grecian as he was, he ornamented nothing, and when he rose in the House of Lords, he was always listened to with profound attention, because it was known that he would speak immediately to the principles and the facts of the matter in hand. When Sir George Sinclair invited William IV., then the Duke of Clarence, to dine with the Bishop, the Duke manifested some irritation on account of the Bishop's vote against Catholic emancipation, saying, "I was the more surprised, and I consider you the more in the wrong, because I thought I had reason to expect the reverse." "Whether I was actually in the wrong or not," said the Bishop, "my conscience told me I was in the right;" and after the Bishop had left, the Duke said to Sir George, "I like the Bishop far better than I expected, and I don't care how soon you invite me to meet him again." When he preached before the King on several occasions, and especially the coronation sermons, the King told him that the sermons had impressed him, and thanked him especially for the entire absence of flattery, an ingredient not uncommon in the Court sermons of that day. In spite of the opinions of Record-



ites and Low Churchmen, with his many deficiencies and frequent aberrations from the higher Protestant ideal, if we were Churchmen we should pray that the Bench might be always filled with Bishops as true and intrepid, as honest, learned, and active as Dr. Blomfield.

## VI.

## OUR BOOK CLUB.

ALTHOUGH compiled more especially for the shelves of the library, the *History of France*, by Eyre Evans Crowe, in five volumes, vol. III. (Longman), will be found not an unacceptable volume for the *Book Club*.

We believe almost thirty years have passed since the substance of this work appeared in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; we have it now in an enlarged, and more elegant form in every way; the idea of the author, with reference to his work, has expanded; it is, in fact, the only history of France of its kind with which we are acquainted; books like those of Rankin, have long been out of date; indeed, there is a prejudice against histories of countries written from first to last by the same hand; it is supposed that such a plan precludes the possibility of very sound, deep, or extensive erudition; be this as it may, the work Mr. Crowe is performing, supplies a want on well-furnished bookshelves; to the close and careful student, it does not offer much, nor does it supply any material with which the tolerably well-read man is not already familiar, but it reads exactly as an admirably compiled, and carefully truthful, and unprejudiced article in a cyclopædia might be expected to read. Mr. Crowe is not brilliant; the reader meets with neither the magnificent descriptions of battlefields, nor the shrewd psychological estimates of great characters, with which late historians have made us familiar, and which have also made us dainty in our estimates of historical narrative. As a historian, the author is cold, but we believe him to be careful; he does not set his facts forth in the blaze of dramatic and passionate animation: he recites what happens without giving the reader any conceptions of the topographical or architectural scenery surrounding the circumstance; he seems to find no pleasure in lingering along the chambers of the old chateau, where the council was held, the wood

where the assassins waited, the prison where the martyr or the conspirator was immured, or the rising hill where the warrior posted his troops. Cities, battlefields and palaces, do not, even as the background, enter into Mr. Crowe's conception of history; and yet, if these are to be regarded as deductions from the charm of a book, our readers must not suppose the writer to be dry or uninteresting; he keeps close to his facts, and relates them in a manner not wanting in vivacity; and the reader will obtain from this prudent author a more concise view of the growth of France, than from any other accessible and condensed material; the present volume has the attraction of very special interest, it runs through a period of nearly one hundred and twenty years, that hundred and twenty years comprehending France from the reign of Francis II., to a large portion of that of Louis XIV.—a period of political and religious excitement as intense as any of the annals the world could furnish. The philosophy of history is not Mr. Crowe's department, but those who would read the lessons of political wisdom furnished by a country, must have such a guide as Mr. Crowe. The comparison has often been suggested, and it has been no less a contrast than a comparison, between the two courses taken by France and England, at the period of the Reformation in Europe. No doubt the tendencies of Mr. Crowe's mind are Protestant, but when he says, with some measure of condemnation upon the Huguenots, "that there was little destruction left for infidel "1792, that fanatic 1562 had not already accomplished," we think he is scarcely just to the immense and overwhelming tortures and cruelties to which the Huguenot party was subjected; no doubt the fashion of cruelty was set by Francis I., and his successors with wonderful and remorseless savageness followed up the lessons he had given. It is a favourite text with the Papist party, and even with some historians (Mr. Crowe is not for a moment to be confounded with such), to represent the French Calvinists as mere anarchists, and the French Catholics as inclined to all the liberal reforms the Lutherans could desire. Our writer refers to a pleasing and amiable illustration of this tenderness in the Papal party, when the meeting of the Cardinal Lorraine and the Duke of Guise was held with Duke Christopher of Wurtemberg and his brother princes, in 1562. The Lorraines expressed every kind of mild sentiment and opinion, expressed before in the conferences with Beza: the Duc de Guise even—amiable felinity that he was—exhibited himself for the moment as even semi-Lutheran, and seemed disposed to back the Confession of Augsburg against the Council of Trent. Such marvellous professions deceived even the wary and scepti-

cal Huguenots; but returning from that very meeting at Saverne, the brothers, whose breasts may be well conceived as in a state of caldron-like fury, the more riotous within from the assumed smoothness of the face and the sleekness of the tongue, passed through the region of Vassy, a country beneath their jurisdiction, filled by a manufacturing and artisan population, where a Huguenot congregation, to the number of some fifteen hundred had assembled—the Duke managed to reach the spot on the Sabbath morning on the 1st of March. The Duke first proceeded to the Catholic church and communed with the priests; he then proceeded to the Protestant building in which the congregation was assembled; he alleged that his intention was to remonstrate with them for being Huguenots; but they were assembled together without a walled town, and therefore in accordance with the permission of the recent edict. As the Duke and his soldiers entered the building they were asked to take seats, to which they all replied “Mort Dieu! let us kill all of them!” and so, in fact, they killed all of them—killed, or wounded, or maltreated. The Duke seems to have been in a state bordering on insanity; the Bible of the congregation was brought to him, he showed it to the Cardinal, who, with a sensibleness we could scarcely have expected, said “that it was the Holy Scriptures, in which there “could be no harm;” the Duke raved at it, declared it was impossible, that the Holy Scriptures were fifteen hundred years old, and this book was printed but yesterday; he was, in fact, insane with bigotry and rage, excited by the blood he had spilled, but not horrified. When against the Huguenots it is alleged that they cast down statues in churches, broke crosses, and shivered, sometimes, even the churches themselves, let it be remembered, that entertaining little episodes like that we have just recited were of common, almost daily occurrence, and that such are not calculated to put the sufferers in easy or placable tempers. The central character of these early pages, comprehending the reigns of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., is Catherine de Medicis. Attempts have recently been made to free the Church of Rome from the ignominy of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and to affix it to that nefarious woman. That it emanated from her mind there can be little doubt; that Rome adopted it, and sung *Te deums* for it, there can be as little doubt. It was a horrible tragedy. The king, Charles IX. listened with a smile of approbation and complacency when the butcher Pezou boasted that he had thrown one hundred and twenty Huguenots into the river the day before, and had reserved as many for that evening; and Charles himself took delight in



contemplating the four thousand bodies, which Brantôme says, floated down the Seine. Philip II., that most holy and catholic king of Spain, declared that Charles IX. seemed to him to be the greatest of monarchs. In Rome never was such joy, the cannon of St. Angelo thundered in honour of it, a *Te deum* and mass of thanks were sung; the pope ordered a medal to be struck—his effigy on one side and the exterminating angel on the other—while a picture by the great Vasari, depicting and commemorating the event, was hung in the Sistine Chapel. France must not alone bear the guilt of that great crime, Rome must share it with her. It is impossible not to feel pity for the unhappy king, the puppet in these transactions of the woman, Mr. Crowe well calls “the Italian demon,” his mother. While from Paris, through the principal towns of the empire, the same carnival of blood danced merrily on; while Huguenot babies were tossed upon the spear or upon the waters; while in other towns, executioners and soldiers refused to perform the work of blood, and catholic citizens volunteered to perform the work of slaughter, the poor mad king seems to have been tormented, bloody wretch as he was, by a conscience that would not sleep, from the hour of that night when the bell of St. Germain L’Auxerrois tolled forth the signal of the massacre; he was called away from his amusement of killing and disembowelling pigs to a horrible death-bed; rumour said blood ran from his pores; he tossed restlessly in groans and sufferings; he called for his brother Henry of Navarre, and told him to trust nobody; and he was tended in these last moments by a Huguenot woman, who had been his nurse. “Ah! my dear “nurse,” said the monarch, “what blood, what murders, what a wretched counsel! Pardon me, have mercy on me, O God! I know not where I am, these thoughts so perplex me and agitate me. I am lost, I well know!” His nurse could only console him by saying, “the murders be on the heads of those “who counselled thee,” as she changed the monarch’s handkerchief, wet with tears. In a brief notice, like that we are giving of this comprehensive volume, we have no space to dwell on the thoughts and questions awakened by such people and their measures; the whole of this volume reads like an enigma—the whole history of France reads like an enigma—we see and we hear recited the strife of great ideas—political and religious, arranged in hostile conflict. When has France not been the victim of civil war? Through all the years whose history passes in review in these pages, how rare and how far between are those whose history is exempt from civil war! In truth, the curse of France has been religious indifference. Catherine de

Medicis was no papist; she was just a heartless devil, rioting indeed in one great lust—the lust of power. All things else were indifferent to her; at one period she could play with Protestants and cajole them, and, when they could serve her purpose no longer, give them over to massacre. We believe Mr. Crowe to be right in affixing the stigma of indifference, excepting to personal aggrandisement, to most of the great actors in these stormy scenes. We believe with him that Montaigne really represents the nation. We sit down with these pages open before us, and we cannot but say,—What does it all mean? What has come out of it? In our own country, surely every great strife has, at the close, shown something won for order, for civilization; out of the furnace the nation had emerged more conformable to the harmony of things. The history of France is a

“Never ending, still beginning;  
Fighting still, and still destroying.”

France is always in the furnace. We know her great historians claim great merit in this, and Guizot, Lamartine, and Michelet would tell us that she has the chivalry to test, and try the great questions and experiments which England especially improves and applies. Certain it is that this volume presents to us the story of an infinite kingdom of unwisdom, where each successive despotic statesman intelligence rears his castle of craft, which tumbles into dust upon his grave. Adhering to his concise and orderly tabulated statement of facts, Mr. Crowe will enable ordinary readers to perceive this. Passing from the times on which we have cast a hurried glance to those immediately succeeding, how poor were the gains for freedom and law, by the magnanimous personal *bonhomme* of Henry IV., and his chivalrous exploits and temperate victories at Arques and Ivry. To him succeeded, upon that profound European calamity—his murder—Louis XIII. attended by, perhaps, the greatest calamity France ever knew, or could have occasion to deplore—Richelieu. He levelled the power at once of the middle classes and of the aristocracy, so cutting away every barrier for the gratification of the personal will of the monarch, forming all the provinces of France into one centralized and absolute kingdom; he degraded France; and from him the transit was easy; first, to the fanaticism of despotism, in the person of Louis XIV.; and by a slight reaction, to the fanaticism of democracy in the period of the Revolution. When we say that these are the persons and the problems which pass in review through the seven hundred pages of this volume, our readers do not need to be informed of its exceeding interest. If it appear to lack some of those qualities to which we have

referred, as characteristic of many volumes in this age of great histories, we believe Mr. Crowe exemplifies what Dr. Arnold demanded as the highest faculty of the historian—a passion for truth; in this at any rate his volumes will shine by the side of, and even cast into the shade more ambitious names.

WE believe it was South who said first, and William Jay endorsing the saying, got the credit of it, that the book of Revelations either found a man attempting to expound it, mad, or left him so. But no such discourteous criticism could apply to *Lectures on the Revelation of St. John*, by Charles John Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster, Chancellor of York Cathedral, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen: 2 vols. (Macmillan and Co.). A more calm and devotional, and we will add useful, exposition we could not conceive. The lectures as they were delivered from the pulpit of the author's parish church to his usually crowded congregations, are especially fitted for private and personal use. There is not in them the most remote approach, so far as we have been able to see, to Elliotisms or Cummingisms. The author's purpose is simply pastoral and experimental. In some particulars the volumes have reminded us of the simple and useful work by Mr. Maurice on the Apocalypse; but the mind of Dr. Vaughan is essentially clear, and all that proceeds from it flows in a clear transparent order. If any reader desired to see how much instruction might be obtained from the words and the visions of the Apocalypse, we would certainly put these volumes into his hands. They are gifted in an eminent degree with the charm of perspicuity, the great faculty of Dr. Vaughan's mind. Mystical heights he never attempts to scale. Never permits himself to be borne forward by mystical fervours, through what usually follows the mystical fervour—the mystical cloud. He excels in clear and concise statement; of ages, epochs and æons, he says nothing. What period of time is indicated by the opening of the sixth seal, or by any seal—what especially is intended in the history of the world or the church, by the sounding of the trumpets, or the outpouring of its vials, he does not attempt to show. "Where we doubt," says he, "we must say so, and "where we are in the dark, we must say so; we are not to go "to this commentator and to that, and frame some temporary "expedient for slurring over a difficulty—anything rather than "that—the book had better be reverently closed, rather than irreverently handled;" this is the spirit in which the author proceeds. To any volume, or sermon, or exposition, proceeding from such a spirit, what devout mind could possibly take exception? The Dr. acknowledged his great indebtedness to Hengstenburg on



the Apocalypse, "without whom," he says, "I should probably not have undertaken the labour." But we must think, while we defer with great respect to a mind so conscientious as Dr. Vaughan's, that his plan has sometimes needlessly narrowed his vision. Referring to his exposition of the twelfth chapter, our crucial test with expositors, we venture to suggest that an entrance into apocalyptic symbolism would have increased the interest of the exposition; the writer says, that "the vision of the seven trumpets, like the vision of the seven seals, brings us to the end of all things." He continues, "We have seen in the Book of Revelation thus far, and we shall see in it hereafter, not so much one continuous stream of prophecy, starting from the times of St. John, and carrying down the fortunes of the church with historical precision, till they are finally lost in the great ocean of eternity; but rather a number of parallel streams, each marked by some definite purpose and principle, and each ending only with the end of time." But for two or three passages like this, our author might say with Sir Isaac Newton, "*Hypothesis non fingo*;" but it is clear that this is hypothetical, and that those who regard the Apocalypse as the representation of a successive stream of events, broken by periodical and catastrophal circumstances, symbolled by the sound of the trumpet or the pouring of the vial, are not more hypothetical. But we have feelings very clearly akin to reverence, for the earnest and quiet conscience pervading these pages. We suppose, that in the enunciation very many hearers must have felt the preacher's finger very distinctly pointed to, and pressed upon their spirits. The volumes have the advantage of a translation made from Tichendorf's second edition. We must also say that they are perfect specimens of beautiful and conscientious printing, not less than models of exposition. We shall quote one or two passages in illustration of what we must regard as the author's singularly simple and unadorned, but most useful and impressive, manner. Here is the close of the first lecture, in which he strikes the note of his method of interpretation:—

"O how shall I, God helping me, carry into the hearts and consciences of this congregation the solemn and edifying voice of this night's subject? Much do we need it. *Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.* O where is the sign of His coming? It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, I see the white cloud descending, and one sitting upon it, whose form is like the Son of Man. It is not on earth, that thou shouldest say, *Lo, here is Christ, or, Lo, He is there.* One sign was once given, and it was the sign of the prophet Jonas: Jesus was declared to be the Son of God

once for all *with power by resurrection from the dead*. Now the heaven has closed after Him: and it is only to such eyes as those of His first martyrs and Apostles that it has ever been permitted even for a moment to gaze after Him into that glory. *We walk by faith, not by sight*: and often is faith severely tasked and patience wellnigh exhausted. Yet behind that veil He is; and if He comes not, it is chiefly because He is *long-suffering to uscard, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance*. *But the day of the Lord will come, and come as a thief in the night*. *Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry*. Even now He is walking among His candlesticks: and there are eyes even upon earth which see Him there. God grant that our eyes be not blind to Him! God grant that we may not only be looking out for His Epiphany, but also seeing Him now by faith! If it be so, we shall be also His witnesses. *By pureness, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, we shall be bearing every day a strong, if silent, testimony; drawing towards Him the eyes of others also, and persuading them to become followers of us, even as we are of Jesus*. *We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

And here is the author's very practical exposition of—

#### WAR IN HEAVEN.

The first question for all of us is, Am I a fighting man? If not, the victory of Christ cannot be mine.

And therefore I would say to undecided persons—by which I mean persons who have not yet consciously enlisted themselves in God's service under Christ's banner—I would that you might be persuaded, by His grace working with the Word, to see what a formidable, what a tremendous struggle is really going on, whether you take part in it or no, between the condemned but not yet executed evil one, and the glorified but not yet unresisted Saviour. Half and more than half of our vacillation and of our lukewarmness in the things of the soul arises from shutting our eyes to the war which is raging around us. We soften down the expressions of Scripture till they mean anything or nothing. We give new names to old sins, and think that we have changed their character by a mere change of title. We misplace or misread the claims of Christian charity, and make a merit of indulgence towards frailty, and almost of connivance at sin. And even this is not all nor the chief part of the evil. Our own inner self is infected by it. We try to drift easily down the stream of life, seeing everything in bright colours, amusing ourselves as we go, and avoiding everything that might trouble our repose or shake our security and self-confidence. And this kind of life is very pleasant, very alluring: it is tranquillizing in itself, and it makes us very agreeable one to another. But is it, is it—for that is the real question—is it true? is it what God commands? is it what God approves? Open His Holy Word where you will; in

its histories or in its prophecies, in its Psalms or in its Proverbs, in its Gospels or in its Epistles; and is not this written on every page, The world is one great battle-field, and he who will make it a mere spectacle, a place of idle lounging or of listless sauntering, is in reality *fighting against his God* and forfeiting his immortal crown?

We trust we have sufficiently defined the character and purpose of these volumes, we can have no hesitation in cordially commending them, most especially to the attention of ministers.

WE can have little hesitancy in giving a warm welcome to *The Life of our Lord upon the Earth, in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Relations, by the Rev. Samuel J. Andrews.* (Alexander Strahan and Co.) The author says the purpose of this book is to arrange the events of the Lord's life, as given by the Evangelists, so far as possible, in chronological order, and to state the grounds of this order, and to consider the difficulties as to matters of fact which the several narratives when compared together present, or are supposed by modern criticism to present. We have only space to say that the author has accomplished his work with every care, and with every qualification: to the minister, and to the leader of the Bible-class this volume will be most valuable; for many good works we have had occasion to thank Messrs. Strahan, and we most heartily thank them for this. The volume is composed of a number of brief essays on interesting topics connected with the study of the Gospels, and the elucidation of difficulties standing in the way of their more complete comprehension; the date of the Lord's birth, of His baptism, and of His death; the Lord's brethren, the scenes and circuits of the Lord's ministry, the physical cause of the death of our Lord, and many such topics are discussed in a very reverent but still in a critical spirit; the closing words of the author in his preface, may well claim for his book cordial and respectful consideration. He says, "how poor and unworthy of Him, the external aspects of whose earthly life I have endeavoured in some points to portray, my labours are, none can feel more deeply than myself. I can only pray that His blessing—the blessing that changed the water into wine, may go with this book, and make it, in some measure, useful to his children." We presume the book to be a reprint from America; from whomsoever it comes, such words as these ensure it not only a grateful reception as a valuable handbook for younger students, but very respectful consideration, even when departing from the author's conclusions.



THE little volume, "*Arctic Discovery and Adventure*," by the Author of *Brazil, its History, Natural Productions, &c.* (Religious Tract Society), very pleasantly exhausts its subject so far as can be regarded as necessary for a popular fireside narrative. The author lays under contribution most of the volumes descriptive of the Arctic Regions and Seas. He enters himself into the spirit of the gloomy and romantic realms, and very pleasingly excites the interest of the reader. The mythic age of Arctic discovery; the dark ages, and the middle ages; Russian and Greenland Voyages, and Missions; modern Arctic explorations and search for Sir John Franklin, are all in their turn reviewed, in a cheerfully descriptive style; we can cordially recommend this book for all village libraries.

A BIG book, certainly, is "*Twenty-nine years in the West Indies, and Central Africa; a Review of Missionary Work and Adventure, 1829-58, by the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell, formerly Missionary at Old Calabar* (T. Nelson and Sons); but although a bulky one, we can scarcely call it a wise one. It would be impossible for a man to spend nearly thirty years in the West Indies, and Africa, without accumulating a quantity of material very interesting to his friends, and the Church of his adoption; but in these days nearly seven hundred closely printed pages preach loudly the necessity for concision. We have recently called attention to the Island of Jamaica, and we really should like yet to see some more admirable and copious description of that field of mission labour, than has yet been published. But from Mr. Waddell we do not seem to obtain anything new, while we very much doubt the wisdom, under any circumstances, of a very needless reference to old disagreements between excellent men in mission fields,—we perceive Mr. Waddell publishes a remonstrance of the Jamaica Presbytery with Baptist Missionaries. The very ludicrous circumstance about it is, that it was not sent until a twelvemonth after it was voted, and indeed it seems somewhat hypothetical, whether it was ever received at all. The remonstrance referred to alleged inconsistencies amongst Baptist members, from which Mr. Waddell intimates that the Presbyterians were in a very eminent degree free. There is a considerable taint of jealousy of the Baptist Mission running through the volume, arising from the fact, which Mr. Waddell has not permitted sufficiently to impress him, that, no doubt, whatever errors and inconsistencies may be found in connection with that large denomination in Jamaica, to it Jamaica is indebted for any measure of religious benefit it may have received; it laboured, and others entered

into its labours. There is no doubt a mistake too likely to be conveyed, by the titlepage; in these days of Central African discovery, we might be led to expect revelations from the regions explored by Captains Burton and Speke, or Krapf, or Rebmann, or Livingstone; Mr. Waddell's Central Africa is a long way from all these fields; in fact, Central Africa about Cape Coast and Calabar. To those, however, who are interested in the daily plodding work of a Missionary, the book has very much of interest, it contains much interesting anecdote and description; while we are certain that it would command many more readers were it reduced in bulk, and enlarged in type.

WE are pleased with a little book entitled *Evenings with John Bunyan, or the Dream Interpreted. By James Large* (James Nisbet.) The glorious dreamer, like the infinitely more glorious book, which gave birth to all his pictures and experiences has no end of commentators, and they do good; they open to various orders of intelligence the symbols of not only one of the most extraordinary poems, but one of the most extraordinary psychologies. Mr. Large's book aims to elucidate to the younger order of mind, and he frequently does so very happily and interestingly, and always amiably. He pursues his method in a course of conversations; if sometimes in the conversation we seem to have too much dissertation or sermon from Dr. Merryfield, we do not read many lines without finding interesting words. We are quite certain the preparation of the volume must have been a labour of love to the writer; and it is written in such a view of cheerfulness, united with such an insight into Christian experience, that we may safely commend it as a perusal likely to furnish to the readers, the love without the labour.

THE fame of Dr. Croly will not be increased by the posthumous publication of *The Book of Job, by the late Rev. George Croly, Rector of the united parishes of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Benet's, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author by his Son* (W. Blackwood and Sons). The volume is very brief, and, while it indicates a knowledge of the literature of the Book of Job, and presenting a résumé of the total diversity of all previous interpretations, shows their uselessness, declares that they cannot all be true, and that none of them are true, we are unable to see that it opens up any new inspiration. We can scarcely suppose that Dr. Croly himself would have cared for the publication of the volume in its present form; some pages possess the author's well-known pictorial magnificence of speech. The domestic character of the book is described as "possessing

scarcely more value for us than a column of hieroglyphs, or a coffer in an Arabian catacomb." From the method pursued in the interpretation, surely this is dealing a hard measure upon previous expositors. We must say that the great work of Gregory on Job, and Caryl, and Chapellow, can scarcely be dismissed by us thus; in some lines the writer seems to enter vividly into the conception of the books, in others he seems as entirely to miss the Divine intention; nor can we think for a moment that the following represents the character of the Patriarch.

Unexampled as the condition of Job was, his character is common. We daily see men, of vigorous intellect and blameless conduct, with no more knowledge of their own hearts than if they had none in their bosoms; going through the round of life in integrity and intelligence, yet with no more sense of moral responsibility—of that watching Eye that is above all, or that dread account which all must give—than the cattle in the fields. Yet it is not denied that these men are valuable members of society; many of them lights to their generation; some, perhaps necessary to the well-being of the world. But their sole guide is *propriety*! They live in an atmosphere of public decorum, public respect, and public responsibility. Nothing can turn them to the right or left, but they never lift their eyes from the ground. Such men are not necessarily hypocrites, but they are never sincere. They may not fall into temptation, but they are in perpetual peril; and if they fall, they are undone. They add to the slippery shrines of statesmanship, to the firebrands of faction; or escape only with blasted character to obscurity, there to despair and die. Some may descend to the grave in peace; some even may lie within a tomb consecrated by public honours; but their idol was *propriety*. The whole class have no other God in this world.

We can well believe that in Dr. Croly's earlier years, the Book of Job would have furnished a fine field of elucidation and description to his excursive imagination, the scenery of the dialogues, the boundless and dreary desert, the sudden storms of burning sands, the exhausted and solitary wells, the trains of caravans, the ostriches, and the horses of the robber tribes; and the whole world of wonders, and Arabian enchantments, suggested by the book. As it is, the little volume before us is only like a void, revealing the vast and unexplored recesses. The biographical sketch we pass by only remarking, we had hoped that a man so eminent, so well known as a preacher, poet, and author, might have left material for a more copious review of his long laborious life.

WE are very glad to receive from Mr. Bohn, what has long been a desideratum, *The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis, containing the Topography of Ireland, and the History of the Conquest of Ireland, translated by Thomas Forester, Esq., M.A. The Scenery through Wales, and the description of Wales, translated by Sir*



*Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., Revised and Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.* (H. G. Bohn.) "Good wine needs no bush." All readers who care to know will know what to expect in this amazing repository of credulity and pleasant old dark age garb, scarce a page without some wonderful story from the worlds of nature, and the Castles, Cathedrals, and Abbeys of the time. Poor Giraldus! His life, too, is not the least interesting legend in the book, disappointed of the one darling wish of his life, the Archbishopric of St. David—twice elected to it and twice refused by King Henry the Second, till, when elected again, the third time in his old age, the coveted dignity had become distasteful to him, and he who was twice refused, now pushed aside the honour himself. We could very well present our readers with a long and pleasant chat upon this volume, it is in fact a volume of curious talk from a believer who seemed to be equal to the swallowing of anything, who gives us also other things than these. Our readers may safely trust to the judicious editorship of Mr. Wright, and we can promise to learned or illiterate some pleasant hours if they take down this book for their companion.

**FIVE** *Hundred Plans of Sermons, by the Rev. George Brooks.* (William Oliphant and Company.) To those who can preach this volume will be of no use, and to those who cannot, it will afford but little assistance.

**WE** always read with pleasure the sermons of Baldwin Brown; they always breathe an influence which lifts us, and this may be truly said of *The Divine Mystery of Peace, by James Baldwin Brown, B.A.* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.) We can scarcely assign this volume to the same place occupied by Mr. Brown's two preceding volumes, it has not the same richness of illustration, it does not seem to boast the same companionship of outline, but it will not less than those works produce a devotional impress upon and a powerful meditative earnestness in the soul. On some points we could venture to talk with Mr. Brown. Is the following quite true? "Strictly speaking no being, no thing in this universe, can hurt a man but himself, the citadel of a will neither angel nor devil can storm. It was the avowed belief of the old magicians, that if a man's will but remained firm against all these terrors, the hosts of devils raging around were powerless to break in upon him to harm; they held him to be absolutely safe while he remained master of himself." Has not Mr. Brown put the truth partially? Is it not also true that man cannot be master even of his good things, that he is in danger from the strong man armed who is stronger than he? We venture to hint the danger of what

seems to us to be too Pelagian an aspect of the power of the will, and while he rebukes those who seem to entertain the notion that their life is just the tool or toy of invisible spiritual powers, that the devils drag it one way, the angels another; it seems impossible to resist the conviction, a conviction too confirmed by Scripture teaching, that infernal and celestial powers do press upon the spirit of man. That God himself stands on the side of the human will to help it, Mr. Brown, too, evidently believes, from the following impressive and beautiful passage:—

There is a dread revelation, which comes to us at some moments with overwhelming force—the powerlessness of all good spirits, human and angelic, when they seek to save us from ourselves. Who has not learnt, in hours which sear their records on the memory, the essential loneliness of a will? There is a sanctuary of the being which the dearest footstep can never enter; there is an inner spring which the tenderest hand can never touch; there is a depth which the most loving eye can never fathom; that Holy of Holies of the spirit, within whose veiled silence we realise the full meaning of the “I.” “*I have sinned; “I” have perverted that which is right, and it profited “me” not; and “I,” as far as man or angel can help me, must bear the burden, and bear it for ever. The dearest friends, the mightiest influences, troop of beloved and devoted defenders, may stand round a soul in the day of its temptation, powerless, beyond a certain point, and that not a far one, to help it in the hour of its bitter need. There may those here who have seen, weeping tears of agony while they gazed, a prodigal break away from his home into the wilderness; they knew full well the hunger, the filth, the rags, the penury, for which he was bent on exchanging the wealth of the father’s house, the warmth and the brightness of its love, but they were powerless to hold him back. A mother, a sister, whose life would be joyfully laid down to save him from the doom of the life which he covets, may cling round him with fond, persistent tenacity; but if he will forth, he must. They can but plead, and pray, and moan; to save him is beyond their power, simply because they cannot save him from himself. Is there any that can save? This is the question of questions. “O miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” The answer, “I thank my God, through Jesus Christ my Lord,” contains the very marrow of the Gospel. “There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, for the law of the Spirit of life which is in Christ Jesus hath set them free from the law of sin and death.” The whole philosophy of Christianity is there.*

We heartily hope the writer will long be spared in perfect health to give to his hearers such searching and animating truth as that contained in these eloquent words.

WE are glad to see completed *The Works of John Howe, M.A.* Vol. VI. (Religious Tract Society). We have expressed ourselves before, at length, on this beautiful edition—

the first truly worthy edition of the works of the seraphic Howe. We trust that not a student's or minister's library-shelves will be unfurnished by this edition. We have pointed to the improvement in punctuation; the indexes also are admirable and copious. He was a well-known chief of our late Nonconformists who said, "He that hath not Howe, let him sell his garment 'and buy one.'" We wait for the promised life by Mr. Rogers to complete this series, when we shall take the opportunity of returning to it again.

WE have received *The Imperial Bible Dictionary: Historical, Biographical, Geographical, and Doctrinal, &c., &c.* Edited by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, with seven hundred illustrative engravings. (Blackie and Son). The typography and engraving, and general getting up, seem to be all that could be desired. We shall watch with interest the progress of the work, and refer to it again when the letterpress is more advanced.

A VERY handsome book is *A Commentary, Critical, Experimental and Practical, on the Old and New Testaments, Vol. V., Matthew to John, by the Rev. David Brown, D.D.* (William Collins). This is the first volume of the work we have had the opportunity of carefully looking into. Everything in its getting up, in the matter of typography, is pleasant, attractive and impressive; it may be even called a portable volume. The present volume is prefaced by a very interesting introduction to the study of the Gospels. The measure of scholarship, while sufficient and competent, is limited by the evident intention that the work should be fitted as much for the shelf in the household-room as in the study. The expositions and commentaries partake very much of the meditative and hortative character. New ground is not much broken up; perhaps we should say even, in many instances, fences are erected to prevent the trespassing of new and doubtful ideas, or the excursion of the reader into realms of doubtful thought or opinion. From our observation of many portions, we should in one word describe it as a thoroughly safe book; while the accomplished author has sufficiently acquainted himself with the works of the most eminent critics, and used them for the purpose of benefiting the Christian's heart and mind.

THE *Life of the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, by Rev. A. H. Charteris, M.A., Minister of New Abbey* (William Blackwood). Is a volume which will be very interesting, especially to those to whom the affairs of the Church of Scotland present attractions. He was one of the sturdy men who battled on the side of the Established Church,



in the great Free Church controversy, Born in Aberdeenshire, in a farm-house, he owed much of his future eminence to his humble, truthful, and prayerful mother. He was born in a tried household, where his father was not always able to make both ends meet, and had a fight for it to keep the wolf from the door; but where piety and probity reigned. His parents contrived to send him to College, where he lived the life of a hard Scotch student. His lodgings cost him one shilling and sixpence per week; fees and lodgings for the first year, only cost him £6. He struggled bravely on, and the farmer's son rose to be one of the first men in his church; his biographer says, "One of the best benefactors of his country." Before that came about, however, his health gave way. The dregs of a severe illness fell into his hand in the form of a severe swelling. The young student had to go home to the old farm-house, and to undergo the amputation of a finger, which he bore without flinching; his firm and affectionate nature only desirous that his mother should be with him during the operation. For some little time he continued at home, and then, during his father's illness, he took charge of the farm. Some fool or other, whose name is not mentioned, saw him in a narrow entry with a barrow full of manure, and said, "I didna think that you, wha are college bred, wad condescend to that kind o' wark." "I'm not ashamed to do anything for my father, when his back's at the wall." There is a graphic glimpse of him, in those days in which he alternated the study of barrels full of manure, and mathematics; but we have not space to quote it. He became a schoolmaster in his native village, and then, through the esteem of the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, who did much to advance his future interests in life, he was appointed head master of Gordon's Hospital. Shortly after, through the same eminent helpers, he was appointed to the ministry of the church in Ellon. He played a prominent part in the ten years' conflict which ended in the Free Church secession. His biographer gives to us a very charming account of the parish minister, and the non-intrusion controversy period of anarchy and secession. His elevation to the Professorship of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, and all the various details, public and private, of a life of singular activity and usefulness, are presented in a volume which we are ashamed to deal with after the measure of this very scant notice. Separating in conviction, as we are compelled to do, from many of this excellent man's public acts; it is a real pleasure to record the impression we have received from this admirably compiled book of an intrepid, noble, and consistent man.